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POEMS FOR THE YOUNG.

MRS. ALICE M. COOK.

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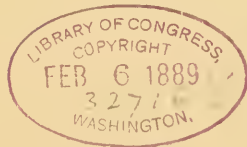
# POEMS FOR THE YOUNG,

*Who have outgrown  
"The great academie,  
The mother's knee."*

BY

MRS. ALICE M. COOK.

*New York, N. Y.*



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## DEDICATION

### To My Young Readers.

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*Sweet uncrowned lives of roseate hue,  
Keep pure the heart, whate'er you do ;  
Take loving sceptre and ideal crown,  
Nor abdicate the throne at Fortune's frown.  
Let honor, as a holy dower,  
Bless each fair life with noble power.*



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## POEMS FOR THE YOUNG.

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### A TRIBUTE TO WHITTIER.

O BEST-BELOVÈD poet of our time,  
How pure your lofty thought expressed in rhyme!  
How grateful to a people of this country dear  
Are all your words of blessing and good cheer!

Life full of great events, with years complete,  
In future time ne'er able to repeat;  
For all our science, art, and literature  
Is colored by your influence high and pure.

To none do we all owe more than to you;  
Faith in humanity, to high purpose true,  
Fidelity to friends, and trust in God,  
Bring to this people good, and only good.

To right devoted, and when years declined,  
Inspired your genius and controlled your mind;  
Accept congratulations on such bright career,  
And, deeply grateful, we your name revere.

Your thoughts enjoyed by all who may have read, —  
Of many others it could not be said, —  
In prose or verse, to them it matters not,  
Highly esteemed, the one true autocrat.

And proved their love by tactile testimonial, —  
A book entitled the "Whittier Memorial."<sup>1</sup>  
May you be happy in your backward look,  
Enjoy supremely your Memorial Book!

Your words of honor, with the love of truth,  
A life-long model for age or youth;  
Lover of children, and by them beloved,  
By all lips praised, and thus it has been proved.

Lover of race, without regard to color,  
Your pen was strong to win all people over;  
Your life proves you a paladin of peace,  
Live long with old friends dear before release.

<sup>1</sup> A town in Southern California (of Quakers) named for Whittier, sent him a book bound in white and gold as a tribute, called the Memorial Book.

## ALPHABETICAL IMPROVEMENTS.

I HAVE tried to gather a few ideas about alphabets of ancient times, only taking in a few of the most renowned, — Aryan, Sanskrit, Greek, Roman, — and a few of the forms of hieroglyphics, thus tracing them to ours, — the English alphabet. Ancient alphabets were generally merged from one to another, while handed from one tribe to another, being characteristic of the province in which the tribe resided.

An English sea-captain, having a coat very much worn, when he was about to return home, thought to have one made in China before returning. He was afraid they would make it with wide sleeves, like their own, so said, "Make the sleeves just like the old ones left here." The Chinese tailor did, literally cutting and fraying the sleeves, so as to make them the counterpart of the old.

I wrote of Helen of Troy, to show the natural descent of the alphabet from Greek to Latin, then after a time to English.

Helen of Troy renown, rather than of birth, as she was of Greek origin, stolen by the emissaries of Paris, son of Priam, from her husband, Menelaus, who obtained the assistance of the Greek princes to help him in recapturing her, which caused a ten years' war, and the destruction of the Greek Empire. One eminent survivor, Æneas by name, removed to Italy, founded the great Roman Empire. After him, his two sons, Romulus and Remus, established the seat of

government at the city of Rome, which means strength. The nation became depraved. While their army was up on the northern border near Scotland, the city was taken and destroyed by southern barbarian tribes.

THE ancients must have knowledge gained,  
From long preserved Sanskrit,  
Written on wall of tomb and hall,  
Soon exhumed from its crypt.

This method they did soon exchange  
For parchment used as books,  
With cornered wedge and symbol strange  
And characters like hooks.

We're apt to form a nice conceit  
That we have gained precedence,  
In every thing that's worth our while,  
O'er ancient antecedents.

Their alphabet's original,  
Ours, improved and inspected ;  
And now ours seems the better plan,—  
'Tis only theirs perfected.



Come back, ye ancient spirits, come!  
From your long home arise;  
Put on a realistic form,  
Visible to mortal eyes.

Tell us about Greece and Rome,  
And older ruined cities;  
Why from their zenith they went down, —  
Lost arts, power, and belle-lettres.

Why Chinese cities never came  
To ruin like the others;  
Why they should have more ancient fame,  
Arts, government, and records.

We look: three dusky forms appear, —  
Shem, Japheth, their brother Ham;  
For they were sons of Noah,  
And all without surname.

One wrote in arrow-head and wedge;  
One chosen to expound;  
Sat in Accadian custom all,  
In a circle on the ground.

Said Ham, "I will go westward ;"  
So he to Egypt went.  
To the Himalaya Mountains  
The steps of Japheth bent.

And Shem went to Assyria,  
Left his elder son at home.  
The place was called Arabia ;  
From these all races come.

Why differ in complexion,  
Some dark, and others fair ?  
'Twas the Himalayan climate,  
The altitude and air.

At one time Chinamen would greet  
No outer nation ever,  
Even Northern Turanian,  
Their ancestor and neighbor.

Their works and interests all revolved  
Around one common centre ;  
They cared not about North or South,  
Their ports no one could enter.

In cunning imitation,  
We own they are complete ;  
To make a new coat like the old  
They every hole repeat.

They write in hieroglyphics,  
Cling to their ancient notion,  
On jar and pan, on chest and fan,  
Send them across the ocean.

A door and ear mean listening,  
A mouth and bird for song,  
A bivalve, meaning friendship,  
Unbroken would last long.

We hope they are progressing  
From their benighted ways,  
For they are now digressing  
From their close communing laws.

Now Greeks and Romans were inclined  
To greet all nations freely,  
To vie in sculpture, works of art,  
And not ideas merely.

The wily herald of exchange  
Saw Helen, fair and sweet ;  
Straightway with others did arrange  
To steal her from retreat.

One wrote in Grecian characters,  
Expressed imperative,  
"Bring Helen back at once," he wrote ;  
"That is, if you care to live."

We know that this was just the thing  
Which caused them all their troubles ;  
Small agitations larger bring,  
Bursts governments like bubbles.

'Twas an especially base action,  
Roused towering hate and rage,  
Greeks upon fair Troy at once  
A ten years' war did wage.

At cost of life and treasure,  
And repelled not by defeat,  
By some strategic measure  
Restored at last to her retreat.

We look again: a form we see,—  
Such noble, strong physique!  
Tall, fair, and well-proportioned.  
He said, "I am a Greek."

He held a writing in his hand,  
To read must need a sage,  
It looked as if a lightning flash  
Had twinkled o'er the page.

He said when Greece was ruined,—  
He spoke in deep, slow measure,  
For he was then commander slain,—  
"They did preserve one treasure."

We look: 'tis the Greek alphabet,  
From Alpha to Omega;  
"We call it arrow-head improved,  
For such things we are eager."

He turned and sadly moved away,  
Our speech had hurt him sore;  
Penitently we bade him stay,  
Retired, wounded once more.

A distinguished Greek survivor —  
One Æneas by name —  
Founded the vast Roman Empire,  
Of great historic fame.

The Roman nation was depraved,  
Had more than common share,  
Thought they were all-powerful;  
It proved to them a snare.

So Rome in all her splendor  
From her seven hills is hurled.  
Destroyed her throne of beauty,  
Her power to rule the world.

The ancient alphabets, we're told,  
Were by many nations merged  
From Aryan to common Latin,  
Whose border the English verged.

Away with hieroglyphics,  
With arrow-head and wedge;  
For all such blind, benighted things  
Are far behind our age.

*Alphabetical Improvements.*

11

Give us the English alphabet,  
Rich lore with it connected,  
By them improved we'll be content,  
And more — we'll be respected.

## A GLIMPSE OF GERMANY.

THIS is the realm of necromancy,  
In wildest random revel the fancy;  
Roaming the banks of the Rhine swiftly flowing,  
O'er the mountains and valleys its music echoing.

We're strolling o'er fragrant wooded mountains, and  
then  
Through flower-starred valleys, by brooklet and glen;  
Hover o'er cliffs, climb a steep ascent,  
Gazing far to the river with its silver current.

The sun sinks to rest, but bids us farewell  
In greatest glory, where the opal hues fell;  
Where is nature more lovely? the valley is gold,  
And sweet harp-tones come from the ruins, we're told.

These ruins remind of the old feudal lords,  
The robber bandit, or the Roman bards;  
Near the ruined castle or wooded hillside,  
Napoleon's soldiers, his power and pride.



Ascending this hillside, a charming view  
Is spread; each spot tells a story new,  
From the light-green water shining below,  
To the steep river-banks, where the grape-vines  
grow.

To deck the river with the trailing vine  
Seems a great delight to the men of the Rhine;  
They make them grow by long cultivation,  
At dizzy heights of great elevation.

'Bove hill and rocks, like a golden crown,  
The shining wheat-fields are smiling down.  
Just here, above Bingen, the scene is rich,  
The "National Statue" is the finishing touch.

'Tis seen for miles, gleams in sculpture rare,  
High on her throne, with flowing hair,  
Her head and arm thrown up in defiance,  
A model of beauty and self-reliance.

This statue is thirty-three feet in height,  
Stands boldly erect, as conscious might.  
One, fixing the hand, to our surprise  
Went inside the arm, so we judge of its size.

Then along the road are shrines and niches  
Cut in the rock for waxen images;  
Around them fresh flowers in plat or wreath;  
There kneels the peasant, a prayer to breathe.

To be a German means a paper-mill,  
And to greet each friend with free good-will  
In the form of wine, or a sip of beer, —  
A sip is a pint, and drank with cheer, —

Or to have music, or thriving vineyards.  
In careless pleasure they enjoy the bards;  
They labor enough for the pay they receive,  
Then away to beer gardens at early eve.

We must go too, for we catch their spirit,  
Celestial realm need fear no bandit;  
'Tis brilliant with lights, music, and flowers,  
Romantic paths lead to fairy bowers.

For they are a social, phantasmal class,  
Allow no chance fancy a glen to pass  
Without soon bestowing some fitting name,  
From its characteristics of legend fame.

Now Bingen fades as we pass along,  
Its gardens, houses, and vineyards among ;  
We wonder in which Bishop Hatto lived,  
Why after the famine he had not thrived.

Then he felt the curse of the starving people,  
So climbed to top of "Mouse-Tower" steeple ;  
But was not-secure from the scourge of mice,  
Was devoured, — their curse took this form of device.

The "Mouse-Tower" stands in the midst of the  
stream,

A charming spot, fair as a dream ;  
The steep banks rising nearly upright,  
Where this ideal river sweeps by this height.

Here the seven heartless virgins were turned to  
stone,

And solemnly stand, all others to warn ;  
Here legend, beauty, and romance combine  
To impress on the memory the scenes on the Rhine.

Some fairy wand transports us north-east  
To the river Elbe, for a tourist's feast.  
The views of the Rhine seem almost repeated,  
For romance, beauty, and charm completed.

Six hundred feet 'bove this river in height  
The dripping water with winds unite  
In sadness, through sunless clefts to sigh,  
And murmur o'er towering pinnacles nigh.

By a strong stone bridge these pinnacles spanned,  
Exhilarating beauty, o'er all the land,  
From this great height, now opens to view,  
In charming contrast, scenes ever new.

Music in the air, at the water-cure near,  
The guests take the cool chalybeate here;  
While the band freely plays at early morn,  
For they are a race to the mystic born.

Next comes in order the great waterfall,<sup>1</sup>  
Which proves a surprise to tourists all;  
At first 'tis a gentle, trickling stream;  
But hold! how it dashes, now, like a dream,

A German above turns on the machinery,  
So 'tis not nature, only chicanery:  
All enjoy the fun of this absurdity,  
More than if falling in natural purity.

<sup>1</sup> The great waterfall referred to is near Shandon — called *gross wasserfall* — on the River Elbe.

A greeting to the German romantic and social,  
Warm-hearted, impulsive, superstitious, devotional,  
And to their country sublimely beautiful, —  
May peace reign over this realm delightful.

### THE SILENT BELL-E.

THERE lived in Provincia a very silent maiden ;  
She had no serious sorrow her early life to sadden ;  
But still she rarely smiled, and still more rarely  
spoke,  
From morn till dewy eve the hush was scarcely  
broke.

Silent was she.

But she was fair to see, — a pale face framed in gold,  
And each tress had a wilful way to silken light  
unfold ;  
Her form was very fair, that also clothed with silk,  
For her father's pocket-book was very plethoric.

So fair to see.

When young men met at corners, informal " How-d-  
do ?  
Shall I call to see the silent belle this evening  
with you ? "

Though she was very fair, took no part in repartee,  
'Till all the former lovers went some other one to  
see.

More mute was she.

So walking out one evening, along the shady street,  
A cabriolet and pair of bays, — a luxury to meet, —  
Passing the church, the carriage overset, 'twas clear,  
For the horses rear and plunge, as the bell tones  
meet the ear,

So very near.

The occupants were scattered, and without ceremony,  
The ancient lady one way, also a jar of honey;  
The bonnet-box, driver, and robe flew in another,  
Boy running on behind in the gutter was rolled  
over.

Oh, did you ever!

The young and silent lady kept moving on apace,  
No solicitous excitement lighting up her face.  
The small boy in the gutter was very disappointed,  
For ride he had a roll, — it was not what he wanted.

No ride had he.

He waited till the janitor unlocked the church for  
    vespers,  
Then softly stealing in, this elfish urchin whispers,  
“ From the bell I'll take the tongue, 'twill no more  
    ring or toll,  
Next time I'll have a ride, I don't enjoy a roll.  
    No roll for me.”

And when the aged janitor rang out the hour that  
    night,  
He little dreamed the next time it would be silent  
    quite.  
The boy held the tongue, and more, held his own  
    too,  
Which is quite too much to expect a small boy to  
    do.  
    His words were few.

And all the village wondered what had happened  
    to the bell ;  
The boy said he wondered, too, what could have it  
    befell.  
So no one suspected it was this roguish urchin ;  
Where it had departed, no one could imagine.  
    No tongue could tell.



So teams pass safely now this austere, solemn  
church, —

No horses rear, no carriages toss and lurch.

No rogue rolled in the gutter, but with a pure  
delight

Running after, he fears no acrobatic flight,  
'Tis pleasant quite.

For the silent maiden's wedding no sweet chimes  
float away,

The tongue has never been restored from that  
until this day,

But it matters little to them, for the bride was  
nearly mute.

That the bridegroom was both deaf and dumb, no  
one could refute,

With wealth of great repute.

The small lad undisturbed runs on behind the train ;

No laughter, no merry chime, rolls him o'er again.

The villagers are silent, stillness pervades the air,

All is quiet for the wedding of the silent maiden  
fair

With golden hair.

Silentium.

THE MAY-QUEEN'S RESPONSE TO GIFTS  
FROM HER SUBJECTS.

Was ever a sovereign so favored before,  
For bright golden king-cups with love flowing  
    o'er,  
And garlands of roses all sparkling with dew,  
What fairer and sweeter as gifts from you?

The bracelet of pearl, from the nymph of the wave,  
Is the token of love and devotion she gave;  
And the myrtle entwined with a jessamine wreath,  
From each fair petal a message will breathe.

An iris of ribbon in each loving hand,  
To hold in sweet union myself and this band;  
Could may-queen do less than sway sceptre of  
    truth  
O'er so much purity, beauty, and youth?

## A WINTER MORNING.

### LEGENDARY.

WE wake in winter morning fain  
To decipher the writings of frost elfin ;  
For he is given to the hieroglyphic,  
His lively brain is very prolific.

Sketches fantastic villas and trees,  
Birds in abundance, and swarms of bees.  
In Chinese lore these indicate song ;  
But we hear nothing, though listening long.

He mingles all on window-pane,  
Things domestic, things quaint and plain ;  
With others poetic, grand, and deep,  
From shepherd boy to glacier steep.

One looks the renowned Matterhorn,  
One, a giant of legends born ;  
And fancy shapes of star-like flower,  
Then tropic ferns, in arch and bower.

Possibly a picture of his own glen,  
Supinely betrayed by his etching pen;  
Should it be told to the monarch gnome,  
He could never more return to his home,

But would be always made to wander,  
Or to climb on his knees the stairs of wonder.  
Though an almost endless flight, 'tis said,  
At top lives the Lord of Christmas-tide.

Careless of our thoughts, or of the gnome,  
Continues writing in way unknown.  
Now there are gardens in mid-air,  
The orchids, in varied forms so fair,

In fairy shape to trees are clinging,  
To blend with them a poetic meaning;  
For fairies converse in music or rhyme,  
So say the legends of the olden time.

The outer world is a spread of white,  
All covered with snow by this same sprite.  
A spotless shield of rarest woof  
He weaves, and throws on each slanting roof.

And o'er the wood-pile a winding-sheet  
He flings of snow and ice and sleet.  
It is made to wear it in noonday sun,  
Like a silver crest or a fairy crown.

The grindstone, too, dons at his will  
An ermine hood, is grave and still.  
The corn-stalks are soldiers marching to town,  
With white-plumed hats and coats of brown.

This sprite at once seems to transform  
Trees bare and brown to full snow-bloom;  
They scatter their feathery petals wide.  
He sports with glee at Christmas-tide.

He hides the chick-seed under the snow.  
Poor chickadee, robbed of his breakfast now,  
Flits to each limb with fluted note,  
Merry and careless, from his ruffled throat.

For he sees above this spread of white,  
Shrub seeds, betrayed by the rosy light.  
The morning has wakened to its full glory,  
Lights gold and silver the snow so hoary.

### WHAT'S IN A NAME?

DIAMONDS, if called fossils, would sparkling rays  
repeat.

A rose by any other name would surely smell as  
sweet.

Oh, be some other name! 'twas thus expressed by  
Juliet,  
There was more than met the ear in the appellation  
of it.

Some Parisienne florists put musk in all the roses,  
Peppermint in the marigolds, and sassafras in the  
pansies.

Though musk was in the rose, it was not therefore  
musk-rose,  
And sassafras in the pansies would never change  
their hues.

We can easily dispense with this scientific fraud,  
Leave the blossoms nature's fragrance, and in their  
fair abode.

'Tis said in pristine times, only seven names were  
used ;  
If they had any others, they were commonly refused.

Henry, William, James, Richard, Thomas, George,  
and John,  
Each next in order following to his name was affixed  
son.

If one was son of James, he was named John  
Jameson ;  
If one was son of Thomas, he was called John  
Tomson.

The Highland Scotch and Irish "Mac" signifying  
son,  
And the Irish prefix "O," meaning also grandson.

The prefix meaning son, by the English is "Fitz,"  
The Welsh nation use "ap," the Russians affix  
"witz."

'Tis said a famous Welshman, not to be outdone,  
Wrote by a long array of "aps," 'bout this time  
"Adam born."

These "aps" were once extremely susceptible to  
change,  
By joining to their former name, admitted a great  
range.

So ap Richard is Prichard, and ap Howell, Powell ;  
Thus by these ancient ancestors, this canny use  
befell.

By space of thirteen centuries, these names were  
insufficient,  
And in bestowing them, the fathers grew proficient.

They could discern a surname in every locality,  
And fix it as a cognomen with rigid finality.

One called William Scot came from Scotland's broad  
fell ;  
George living by a well was soon named George  
Atwell.



And Richard living on a hill, soon was Richard  
Hill,  
And John by the church, ere long surnamed  
Churchill.

Henry by the ash, retained the plain name Ash;  
But George near the ash, soon drifted into Nash.

This method by the Romans, as Pictor, for painter,  
Agricola for farmer, but this custom grows fainter.

Weird tales of Shakspeare's birthplace, seem like a  
faded dream;  
For three historic eras were enacted by this stream.

For strata, or strat, is the Roman word for street;  
So ford denotes the place where this street and  
stream meet.

And Avon is the name Britons and Celts gave it;  
So we've Stratford-on-Avon, a fair stream to lave it.

Some names were taken from the many names of  
animals,  
As Roe, Lamb, Bullock, Fox, and many other  
mammals.

Some from the list of fishes, — Bass, Bodfish, Roach,  
and Pike ;

From names of birds, they deduced Drake, Crane,  
Swan, and Hawke.

Nouns feminine in Saxon, ending s-t-e-r,  
At once arranged the surname, was she plain or fair.

If she was a baker, it was Bakster, or Baxter ;  
And if she was a weaver, her name was always  
Webster.

And if she did brew, — 'twas sometimes done by  
women, —  
Then Brewster it was, she had no other nomen.

The ancient hotel signs of the English were lions,  
Horses, stags, bears, mermaids, tigers, cats, or  
dragons.

Time passed : two hosts were denominated Brian ;  
One soon needed to affix the cognomen of Lyon.

Also from offices, Priest, Abbot, Prior, Parson ;  
So King, Queen, Marshall, Lord, Barron, Earl, and  
Sexton.

The barber's pole explained he was doctor, dentist,  
barber ;

The black stripe, doctors' sign, the red one, dental  
horror.

But enough has been written to disclose ancestral  
way,

So conclude this description without more delay.

SIMEON DODDS, CARPENTER.

WANTED, ONE HAND MORE.

"A CARPENTER'S job," says Simeon Dodds,  
"Needs three or four hands, or work at odds.  
I must have three at least, or four,  
Can do very well, if I have no more.

"A house must have a room with a frieze,  
Built right on the side, the wife to please ;  
But she thinks to live with baby crying,  
And builders pounding, is hard, no denying.

"The first pleasant day we must start right in,  
For we'll ne'er finish, if we don't begin.  
Get spades and tear the shingles off clean,  
I'll allot the work the while between."

In the morning the sun shone bright and clear,  
"We'll take lunch with us, as it is not near."  
Soon commenced to rip, to tear, and to pound,  
The scared baby cried, till in tears nearly drowned.

Clouds gathered, and soon the rain was descending,  
Ran straight through the roof where the boards were  
depending,

Right into the room where the distracted mother  
Was vainly essaying the babe's cries to smother.

She soon was attacked by a nervous disease,  
"Oh, I am so faint! Do take baby, please."  
He took the baby, and what was still worse,  
Instead of being builder, he had to be nurse.

They had brought the lunch, so must make out a day,  
If he couldn't build, could be nurse, anyway.  
But three or four nurses were rather extensive,  
'Twas making the new piece very expensive.

Sitting so oddly, with the babe on his knee,  
Said to the foreman, "Go on, don't mind me."  
But the foreman did mind, and said, smiling, too,  
"Now fate has settled your trade for you."

One ran for a doctor, and one for the pa;  
And he held the baby, and one held the ma.  
Says Simeon Dodds, "We're working at odds,  
There's no one left to be sawing the boards."

When he returned home to supper that night,  
Mrs. Dodds said to him, " Seems you are late, quite."  
He said, " I will tell you the facts of the case.  
I haven't been builder, I was only head nurse.

" Surprised? I intended to say what I said.  
The noise frightened baby just out of its head.  
The rain poured down, so no one could work,  
And then the lady faints away very quick.

" There was nothing left but to hold the baby.  
One ran for a doctor, and one held the lady.  
In a case of this kind, a hand or so more  
Would be very useful to look the rest o'er."

## AURORA BOREALIS AND THE NORTH LAND.

THE "Edda," a religious and partly mythological book, belonging to Scandinavian tribes of German origin, contains two collections, — one called "Samudic Edda" (this is a book of thirty-nine poems, of romantic, historical narrations) ; the other, "Edda of Snorro," after a writer of this name. It is mostly prose.

SUBLIME Aurora of the Northern land,  
Can pen describe such beauties grand?  
Its thrilling, shimmering, warring lances  
Seem darting from its fiery glances.

Illumine this mysterious realm,  
Showing fit grandeur to o'erwhelm  
All Nature's efforts, though so numerous,  
In warmer clime, however various.

Massive mountains of glistening sheen,  
Immensity of snow whiteness between,  
Sailing through seas of living fire,  
Excel in splendor wildest desire.

Thousands of feet of glaciers deep,  
And miles across in flowing sweep,  
Nature's great hour-glass to record  
Earth's eons, and this silent horde.

Of forms of shimmering, beauteous flame,  
Wholly dominant o'er all this realm,  
Seem frozen nature's contradiction,  
'Tween fire and ice, no interdiction.

Marvels and mysteries hung in the sky,  
Angelic band of lights on high,  
Or phantom reflex in the sea,  
Fit study for the devotee.

Careening and shooting flame-like gleams,  
Higher o'er arch in liquid streams,  
Then curling and forming each Nomad fiery,  
Pursuing its prey with insane fury.

From the "Edda" we learn of the mythical Valkries,  
On their sombre coursers, over the broad skies,  
Travelling this icy, vapory pathway,  
To other realms of iridal mystery.



*Aurora Borealis and the North Land.* 37

The Norwegian says they're icy particles,  
Engrossing the light like most other articles;  
Emitting at night, in mythical sheen,  
Rays of violet, garnet, orange, and green.

Then, shading down to pure, pale gold,  
Its wonderful beauty can ne'er be told,  
Since moved by the wind 'tis ever changing,  
Its cloud-like vapor forever ranging.

The Indian says, "The spirits we'll please,"  
Goes wildly dancing, their wrath to appease;  
"For these same sprites must be furious quite,  
To threaten our tribe with such lances at night."

We take observations, and call the lights "Northern;"  
If we lived on Cape Horn, they then would be  
Southern.

The Chilians name it "Aurora Australis,"  
The French, with dignity, "Aurora Polaires."

The Chinaman says, "I don't believe either,  
From Pekin or Canton we can observe neither."  
The earth appears tilted for Western remark.  
Coming cycles may also leave this in the dark.

## A VISIT TO THE ISLE OF JAVA.

### A BALLAD.

#### MEANING OF JAVANESE WORDS USED.

|  |                         |
|--|-------------------------|
| TAN'DU, a carriage.  | SARONG', a loose dress. |
| KAM'PONG, a village.   | DALAM', a house.        |
| CHAPU'RI, a small box worn in the belt, contents to stain the teeth. |                         |

#### CAST OF CHARACTERS.

The Javanese PRINCE CORRETTI.

His wife, PERKO'MAH, the favorite.

Their daughter, the PRINCESS NALLAH DJARRI.

His mother, NALLAH ; his wife's mother, DJARRI.

The daughter was named for her two grandmothers, to please them both, even against Javanese law, which allows only one name to women.

Nallah Djarri's aunt, SEEWA, or Mrs. BURNELL, and her husband, Mr. BURNELL.

Nallah Djarri's lover, the ENGLISH ENVOY.

Her nurse, CHATRA. Servant, DEWARI.

OLD TU-MONG, the governor of adjoining provinces.

O QUEENLY isle ! O sunny clime !

How put such graces into rhyme ?

Your mountain beauties, grand and strong,

Will more than justify this song.

Sublime old range of loveliness,  
'Tis more than artist can express;  
Whose deep volcanoes always murmur,  
A discord to its beauteous summer.

Let us explore the Teng-gers cone,  
In regal beauty stands alone,  
Along the range has no compeer;  
To view it we must pass quite near.

Around its base one vast plateau  
Of vegetating luxury,  
Extensive groves of trees ascend,  
Cocoa and palm their beauty lend.

With pearly stream from mountain-top,  
Seems perfect nature, with no blot;  
It nurtures, laving from above,  
The sugar, rice, and cotton grove.

Ascending now the plateau higher,  
Leaving in part this tropic fire,  
View vast estates of palm and tea,  
Of pepper, nutmeg, and coffee.

Far-reaching tracts of grand forests,  
Amber, and teak, tallest and best;  
And many fruit-trees to mark this zone, —  
We fain would claim it as our own.

An earthly paradise is seen  
In this colossal spread of green,  
Loftily soaring toward the sky,  
Two hundred feet or more on high.

To realize the solemn charm  
Of all its rich cathedral gloom,  
The soul must be in unity  
With its impressive, silent beauty.

What wondrous thought does it inspire?  
Absence of earthly strife entire,  
Nymph-land, by glow of sunset, now  
Lighting with mist-like tint each bough.

Still higher yet we will ascend.  
To what do this zone's efforts tend?  
European vegetables and tobacco,  
Bereft of beauteous palm and cocoa.

But when we reach the fourth plateau,  
No luxury it seems to know ;  
Its ivy, moss, and ferns presage,  
Its precious lichens hid in shade.

Above this all is snow and ice,  
Imagine such a strange device !  
For in some niche, warmly hemmed in,  
Trees grow to the very crater's brim.

Descend once more to second zone,  
And see the Javanese at home ;  
Palace of prince, and huts of kampong,  
Sheltered by waving green palms long.

Let's step inside the palace door,  
And all its beauties we'll explore ;  
Richest damask brought from Persia,  
On marble floors, gay rugs from Smyrna.

And Chinese tapestries deck the walls ;  
From Persia, also, cashmere shawls,  
And Japan drapes each portière ;  
Near by, on shelves, are vases rare.

Gold-worked sandals, costly divans,  
Inlaid chapuris, and jewelled fans  
Are strewn with careless air around,  
All things in endless wealth abound.

But hark! from inner room a song  
So sweet we would the strain prolong.  
And soon Corretti's lovely daughter  
Betrays her presence by her laughter.

As 'neath the portière she lingers,  
Proclaims herself one of the singers  
By breaking into song again,  
Soaring away in bird-like strain.

Nallah Djarri, named for each grandma,  
To give as much honor to one as the other.  
One name given by Javanese law,  
'Tis ominous, they great trouble foresaw.

Of all the prince's daughters fairest,  
With golden sash tied round her slight waist  
To bind in place the green sarong,  
For gold and green to her belong.

They designate the highest place,  
Red takes the next lower rank with grace.  
For where the red, green, and gold meet,  
Red bows profoundly to their feet.

We left the princess in the door,  
Her bare feet on the marble floor ;  
But where on toe-piece diamonds shine,  
And anklet bells tinkle in time

To her light step, and at the throat  
Fastened a wrap, where soft folds float  
From her lithe form, with graceful mien,  
Declaring she is nature's queen.

Chatra will not her mirth abide,  
And so at once begins to chide :  
"Your teeth shall be filed off to-morrow,  
By this time should be nice deep yellow.

"Why should you always be so careless?  
And of our customs ever thoughtless?"  
For far from perfect was this nurse,  
And had a temper, which was worse.

Nallah Djarri by wilful way  
This hideous custom meant to stay,  
Passed on, and by a backward look  
Said, "I will no more chiding brook."

And without word of wrath or grief,  
Would have her way, and gain relief  
From all the false ideas of beauty,  
But always thoughtful of her duty.

Oh, sweet, pure maiden, Nallah Djarri,  
Can she such ancient laws defy?  
And how defeat her father's wish,  
On whom his wealth he'll now lavish?

For soon this princess comes of age,  
With all the cares the words presage;  
As yet the trials few, fall lightly,  
And what is care to one so sprightly?

Her nurse's wrath will disappear,  
A waiter soon approaches near,  
"Take this," said lovely Nallah Djarri,  
"A souvenir, a rich chapuri,



“To Chatra ; ’twill her ire appease.  
Though it is empty, it will please ;  
For ’tis a rich and costly treasure,  
By it my love she’ll surely measure.”

*Void* of contents, expressive word,  
No more of staining teeth was heard.  
This box was sign of final settlement  
Of all their recent disagreement.

Nallah’s aunt Seewa — to tell the truth —  
Eloped with a pale-face in her youth,  
Enjoyed her home, reigning supreme,  
To which no other wife might come.

Javanese commons have but four,  
Their station will permit no more.  
Nobles have consorts without number,  
Their sense of justice seems to slumber.

Her aunt Seewa loves well her niece ;  
For her at table keeps a place.  
She writes her name Mrs. Burnell.  
Would ne’er reveal what then befell.

Her lovely niece Nallah Djarri,  
Who from her belt cast the chapuri,  
Would have no more of this strange practice  
To dye the teeth — sat by her lattice.

The English envoy she saw pass;  
How tall and handsome! but, alas!  
— They met at Mrs. Burnell's house —  
Thought, "Will my father choose a spouse

"So noble, stately, tall, and handsome,  
From out our nation, for a ransom?  
Will he bestow me on one he'll choose?  
Vainly then would I refuse."

A blush crept to that lovely cheek  
At name of one she dare not speak.  
Suppose it was the old Tu-mong,  
To whom near provinces belong.

She thought, "That hateful old Tu-mong,  
To him I never will belong."  
If sure of it, I'd run away  
To Spain, with aunt Burnell to stay

"Till father his commands reverse,  
He then will find me not perverse."  
She asked Perkomah, — she was her mother, —  
She said, "Dear daughter, it is no other;"

Then pressed her to her swelling heart,  
In deep emotion and defeat,  
"For realized are my worst fears;  
About it I've shed many tears."

Prince Corretti sternly commands,  
For Tu-mong's purse fills the demands  
That now were made for the fair young princess,  
A ponderous sum, he would not take less.

But how about the young envoy;  
Thought her not, as Tu-mong, a toy.  
"A face more fair, a smile more sweet,  
Fortune ne'er favored me to meet."

"Who are those walking that I see,"  
Says old Tu-mong, "'tis the embassy;  
But he shall not." He fell into a rage  
Much too powerful for his old age.

“By Allah, now I'll have his life,  
Laughing and walking with my future wife!”  
Nallah in sweet, low tones was saying,  
“Each eve for your safety I am praying.”

He said, “Dear maiden, with me go  
To other lands, the land of snow,  
And take your servant. You'll not repent,  
For we never could gain your father's consent.”

The stern Corretti would not relent.  
“I'll break her spirit to my own bent.  
She disregards my inexorable law,  
Of which she should always stand in awe.”

The faithful Dewari, her servant, will lend  
An ear to Nallah; go to “world's end”  
With her sweet mistress, for all will say  
She has shed sunshine at home away.

A light rain is falling on the pink-and-white face  
Of the pale oleander, nodding with grace,  
As if by this act the maiden's confirming,  
In leaving her home, no more there returning.

The sun had descended, 'twas already dark  
(In this climate twilight fades like a spark);  
She gave a deep sigh, for fear her dear mother  
Should, by her father, be made long to suffer.

Ascending the mountain, they hid in a cave  
Near by a pure spring, their thirst to lave;  
Then on through a forest of tangle and gloom,  
The close path walk singly, for two there's no room.

"I heard," said the watch, "the peacock's rough cry,  
Wherever I'd look, I could no one espy;  
While I stood in the moonlight to take a survey,  
Two girls dressed like peasants walked swiftly away.'

Said Prince Corretti, "I must surely be dreaming;  
Is this a nightmare, or merely a seeming?  
This story you're telling me cannot be truth."  
His looks were ominous while nursing his wrath.

He glanced at Perkomah, and crushed her well nigh,  
And shrinking away from the fire in his eye,  
"Merciful Allah, he will take my life!  
Call me no longer the favored wife.

"'Twere better to go to stay with my sister,  
For the while he wears that look so sinister.  
But who will ask him to let me go?  
I cannot; dear Seewa will dare, I know."

On Corretti's rage we will not long dwell.  
He went to the house of Mr. Burnell,  
Demanding his daughter, Nallah Djarri,  
And hateful and lofty was Prince Corretti.

"I know naught of your daughter," said Mr. Burnell.  
"Leave my house at once, and the grounds as well,  
For your vile heart must be made of leather,  
To presume to join such lives together."

Corretti was crazy with rage, no doubt,  
When he, for surety, had found out  
That he was outwitted in his own dalam  
By a female, a girl not yet a madame.

Tu-mong sent his servants in every direction  
With plenty of money and a lengthy instruction.  
Of the girls nothing was heard, in truth;  
When told, he turned still blacker with wrath.

No wife dare appear in the vast dalam.  
He'd kill all, he said, — talked like a madman.  
He clutched at the air in mute pantomime.  
“Have I no power?” ’Twas hard to define.

This child of the sun pursued Nature's mood;  
If she was lenient, e'en then he was rude;  
But woe to the person who thwarted his will,  
He'd burn, flay, destroy, torture, and kill.

On through the forest the young girls were going,  
On o'er the mountain to the fair river flowing;  
And, looking beyond, saw their own heart's desire,  
The steamer, 'twill stop at this place, “Holy Fire.”

And see those people promenading the deck,  
So far away yet, each looks like a speck.  
The girls pass a kampong to take the steamer.  
Said Dewari, “Be careful,” for she was no dreamer.

She knew that their way was difficult, very,  
Was hampered by fears, and by troubles many;  
The signal of safety rang out on the air,  
The faithful Dewari was then in despair,

She knew the way, but feared to discover,  
So many people as surely would hover  
To inquire why it rung. 'Twas the jealous amōk.  
He killed his wife; she his wrath did provoke.

The girls took a tandu and rode to the harbor,  
And, on alighting, Nallah's aunt was her neighbor.  
"Oh, dear aunt Burnell!" looking up saw her  
    leaning  
On the railing; her servant the pillars were  
    screening.

One step—she held in her arms Nallah Djarri.  
"And alone?" "No; here is my faithful Dewari."  
And here was also the young English embassy.  
To claim as his own the Javanese lassie.

Most runaway lovers record a sad history;  
Each case ends badly, or else in mystery.  
Usually we do not approve of elopement,  
But some name this "progressive improvement."



SAINT CECILIA'S SONG TO THE ANGELS.

THE arch of heaven was bright with studded light,  
A bow of promise spread from edge to edge,  
The streets bestowing golden reflex bright,  
As to outshine all else their privilege.

As Saint Cecilia bows her stately head  
From 'mong the stars, as evening shadows creep,  
She saw so many poorly clad and fed,  
She yearned to bless their troubled, dreamy sleep.

When they had happy hours of sweet repast,  
Of tempting viands carried to their homes,  
And make the seeming real, for their dreams  
Were too delightful to be true, or last.

“How can I help them from this heavenly  
height?”

As o'er the arch the moon had nearly sped;  
She thought, “I'll shed a radiance bright  
On lives so blighted, 'ere the night has fled.

“How can I interest the angels all  
In this good purpose lying near my heart?  
I’ll sing to them, and by the power of will  
Bring each to feel the burden of her part.”

The dulcet tones had floated far away  
On the pure air, each planet echoing  
The fervent pathos, seeming to convey  
Her heart’s emotion in the tones flowing.

She sang once more, and from each glen and dale  
And silvery lake, near by the golden gate,  
Appeared the heavenly spirits, fair and frail;  
She feared the task required was far too great.

“Who will return to earth to cheer the poor?  
Their wants supply, the many starving feed,  
And ope the heart of every miser more,  
By angel touched to charm away his greed;

“And to each dreary hearth made desolate  
By Want’s grim hand, both food and comfort bring,  
And bounteous love, and heavenly influence great,  
Impel each heart to generous offering?”

*Saint Cecilia's Song to the Angels.* 55

The angels stood in silent awe, and felt  
What could they do to help the earthly 'plaints  
From suffering rising, till the fate is dealt  
In mercy to them, "gathered with the saints"?

The pearly gates were standing open wide,  
To welcome all who at its portal stood,  
With every angel favored to abide  
In these blest realms, — a beauteous multitude.

"And I will go!" "And I!" "And I!" "And I!"  
Was voiced from this celestial multitude,  
As each in earnest pity would deny  
No gift, in which the anxious needy stood.

They touch the merchant's heart; an angel's wand  
Unclasps his plethoric purse by magic charm.  
They whisper to the miser, "You must lend  
An ear to us; by giving, bless each home."

Back to their heavenly realm they once more sped,  
To greet again their lovely sister saint,  
And to repeat how their sad hearts had bled  
To see such suffering, and to hear complaint.

“We pitied all ; and those beyond all harm,  
We’ve taken with us to this heavenly home.”  
The Saviour welcomed them ; the saints he blest :  
“You have done well ; o’er heaven and earth joy  
rests.”

## LITTLE CHILDREN

WHAT were this world without children,  
Lighting the windows of the heart,  
Which would grow dim with selfish frost,  
If in life's drama they took no part?

What this world without them to brighten  
Life's journey over the moorland?  
Old age has few sunbeams to lighten,  
Views dimly the dark waste behind.

There is glee in childhood's gladness,  
Sunny faces so bright and clear;  
For their hearts have learned no sadness,  
Filled with hopes of future cheer.

Their glow is reflected wherever  
In life they're pursuing their way;  
May "Pied Piper" of evil never  
Have power to entice them away.

For they are living, sparkling gems,  
Careless of the world's opinion ;  
Each life is a beautiful poem,  
Not Fashion's slave and minion,

They are fairer than any poems  
About them e'er sung or read ;  
For they are the hope of future bright homes,  
And the light of the old homestead.

## THE DEVONERE MANOR.

WE will imagine a fine old English manor, an extensive tract of highland, a grove, a river, a wide-spread moor, a large rambling old house facing the south so it is filled with sunshine, which seems indicative of the family characteristics, — sunny, genial, and urbane. The owner having died before his son became of age, left it in the charge of his trustee, which proves to be too great a temptation ; and in alliance with one more treacherous than himself—a Tom Duyston from London—presents debts enough, which have once been paid, to nearly cover the estate ; and what is left to the young lord is paid to him in forged checks, so these two traitors can obtain all of the property, and place the young lord under arrest, when it suits their purpose, for having passed forged checks, which they allege he forged, in this way placing him where he cannot interfere with them. But by means of the efforts of the friends of the lord, he recovers what was wrongfully wrested from him ; that is, the home of his boyhood, the Devonere Manor.

### CAST OF CHARACTERS.

LORD STRAFFORD and his trustee, MATTHEW AULKLAND.

Young LORD HARRY STRAFFORD, heir to the estate.

LILY GARFIELD, the minister's daughter.

BRIAN SHARON, a blacksmith of Devonere.

TOM DUYSTON, the London financier.

JIM QUICK, a detective.

JOHN TRIPLANT, the old planter of Louisiana.

His daughter, MARY.

JEFF, a negro on the Triplant Plantation.

THE merriest place in all the wide world  
Is "Merry England," so I am told;  
But mirth should be innate, or in part,  
And sunshine must ever be in the heart.

The manor grounds we will now describe,  
Where once Lord Strafford did abide:  
A broad, extensive tract of highland,  
A grove, a river, a wide-spread moorland;

And in the distance a wooded covert,  
Where fox and hare gambol in private.  
But woe to bunny espied by retriever,  
To his cruel hand sure to deliver.

The manor house is winged and old,  
Its ancient beauties rugged and bold;  
Its tower windows rise higher and higher,  
Lit by the glow of sunset fire.

In top, the bells of Devonere hung,  
Flinging the tones from each brazen tongue,  
Call the tenants to service in chapel near,  
Or merrily ring for a wedding cheer.



Roses adorn each corner lattice,  
Old ivy climbs to the highest cornice ;  
A brilliant cactus, each side the door,  
In a Japanese jar is set on the floor.

Down a few steps, a wide-spread lawn,  
Its velvet beauty all else to adorn ;  
His boyhood's home, — the smile reveals  
A venial pride the young lord feels.

For he is happy, careless, and free ;  
Of age, and lord of the manor to be.  
Says the village smith, " He'll do what is right,  
Genial as his father, generous, polite.

" Nothing from him have we to fear,  
Let's dance 'till midnight, and drink with cheer ;  
He is like his father in more than name,  
So we'll dance and drink with cheer again."

" There is only one man I dislike," said he,  
" And he is the old lord's surly trustee.  
He thinks to rule every thing, now he is gone,  
No friend to the young lord ; he stands quite alone.

"The trustee's friend, Duyston, he picked up in  
London,  
Though with manner urbane, is a treacherous one;  
Think he'd ruin all, for his own selfish gain;  
To us he's no friend, it seems very plain."

The lord, unconscious of evil or wrong,  
Is away with a lady, making love on the lawn  
In a romantic nook, 'neath a friendly old elm;  
They wist not the troubles that soon will o'erwhelm.

He is saying, "Dear Lily, you know that my life  
Is lonely without you, will you be my wife?"  
She blushing answers, with pain in her heart,  
"Though I always shall love you, our paths lead apart."

"Not so," said the lord; "now listen again:  
To one you so love, can you give so much pain,  
Entirely reject my love and my hand?  
Away with all scruples, call me dear husband."

How it all came about I'm sure I don't know,  
For soon they are walking arm in arm as they go,  
He leading the way to ancestral abode,  
To the parlors and halls his father had trod.

Returning, he meets the trustee on the stair;  
Said he, "I have something I wish to declare:  
Your father's estate is badly involved,  
By your efforts the debts must soon be dissolved.

"Then why not meet them as a wise man,  
Sell all, or a part of the land, if you can;  
The Sharon estate the debts would defray."  
"Not that," said the lord, "'twas in that name  
alway."

"It is either that or you that must go,  
For I told you 'twas badly involved, you know;  
In fact, scarcely any is left to sell,  
It is all mortgaged, as you must know well,—

"The covert, the forest, the wide-spreading moorland,  
The manor house, grove, the far-reaching highland."  
"Away from England I'll go, if that's true;  
I'll away, and bid my dear Lily adieu.

"I'll start for America in the next steamer,  
I will make life real, for I am no dreamer;  
And I will make money, my courage ne'er fails;  
There's money in cotton, I'll export many bales."

As he leaves his home, what sound strikes his ear  
With musical tones? The bells of Devonere.  
The tenants are giving a parting adieu ;  
His heart with sorrow must nearly o'erflow.

His friends miss the sunshine; he was always  
genial,  
And for "Merry England" his feelings were filial;  
He'll return once more to England's shore yet,  
Nor Lily nor old home will he soon forget.

In Louisiana he buys a plantation ;  
'Tis a large tract, rich in wild vegetation.  
His energy soon puts all things in place,  
Plants cotton ; ere long 'twill be nodding with grace.

To have large returns, of a neighbor planter  
Buys more, and all are beginning to banter,  
And to laugh at his greed, for they well know,  
As soon as he can to England he'll go.

Lord Duyston, as he will now call himself,  
Lives at the manor, 'twas a part of the pelf.  
Sees fair Lily Garfield, — straightway falls in love ;  
Dons his hat and follows, no meanness above.

And now 'cross the ocean Lily sends a sad letter :  
How can he remain, his fortunes to better,  
When she is so lonely, and troubled about  
His safe return ; when can he sell out ?

And, troubled about Lord Duyston's attention,  
Thinks, " This in the letter I will not mention,  
For he has enough to annoy him already ;  
Soon he will return, then we will be happy."

He wrote to trustee for money that was due ;  
It was quite a large sum, e'en more than he knew.  
The Sharon estate must have sold very well ;  
Thinks of Lily, of home, and the Devonere bells.

In reverie hears them ring out on the air,  
Thinks of Lily in trouble, so sweet and fair.  
" To England I'll go. I will settle to-day,  
Pay off all my debts, and no longer delay."

One friend he has gained, whether willing or not,  
Lives on estate nearest, a beautiful spot.  
There often invited by the owner to meet  
His fair young daughter, sprightly and sweet.

He tells her about his troubles at home, —  
Loss of money and lands, which caused him to  
    roam.

“And I know from the sadness Lily’s letters portend,  
That more trouble awaits my own true friend.”

“And so you will go to see if you may  
Avert this trouble, be a friend alway?”

“Yes, and more: she promised to me a bestowal  
Of her love, her life, and her heart ever loyal.”

While they yet linger, some one is announced;  
His style is English, and is quite pronounced.  
’Tis the London receiver, the same Tom Duyston,  
Quietly behind him follows one Brian Sharon.

The young planter plainly discerns but one face,  
And warmly receives him with ancestral grace.  
Who would have expected in Louisiana  
To have seen Brian Sharon of Devonere Manor?

With bold effrontery, then, Duyston steps in,  
And passing a paper handshaking between;  
’Tis for the arrest of the planter — once lord —  
For passing forged checks; is lofty and rude.

Repels all protest, will nothing believe,  
But that the young planter designed to deceive.  
The planter's friend Sharon says, "'Tis a plot.  
Perhaps you and the trustee have not forgot

"Jim Quick the detective was after you both,  
And why to leave England you were nothing loth?  
Or can you compare this word in way neatest,  
It is out at the door, quick, quicker, quickest."

So leaving abruptly, crestfallen he said,  
"I'll have my revenge;" but to nothing this led.  
His case had no showing, when he left by the door  
He kept out of sight, and was heard from no more.

Distrust had been sown in the plants far and wide;  
The young planter could not in comfort abide.  
The old planter's daughter declares it a shame  
For one man by slander to spoil a good name.

"Then my servant shall help him away at night;  
They'll mob him, I fear, — he has always done right.  
Then why should he not have a chance to escape?  
Jeff shall row him down river, before 'tis too late."

He boarded the steamer, and started for England,  
With profits from cotton, but mind soon in dream-  
land.

From sultry dampness and deadly malaria  
Was sick unto death of the dread yellow-fever.

But on board the steamer he had the best care,  
For Sharon had followed, and also was there.  
The physician and nurse were heard to declare  
Him better, and would be restored by sea air.

Arriving in England, found the manor deserted,  
No lord, no trustee, 'twas only *pre-empted*.  
He again took possession, and brought home his  
bride,  
The sweet Lily Garfield, his treasure and pride.

Oh, Devonere bells, ring out! for the portals  
Are flung open wide to welcome them here,  
And sweet to the ear as the song of immortals  
Are the silver tones floating o'er fair Devonere.



### A POEM FOR EASTER.

SWEET sabbath morn, of all the year the best,  
The solemn celebration of "Our Saviour's" rest.  
In anthem strong we'll raise the voice to heaven,  
With angels singing, "Christ the Lord is risen."

A joy rings out through every note we sing,  
The "Easter Morn" to us will blessings bring.  
Joy reigns throughout the earth, the hosts of heaven  
Sublimely singing, "Christ the Lord is risen."

He's risen indeed! and now from paradise  
Looks down on erring ones with pitying eyes;  
Angels he sends to light the darkened way,  
Guarding the soul's dim flight to endless day.

The river sinks to rest in ocean's calm;  
So doth the freed soul on Thy blessed arm.  
And, as the river held in peaceful rest,  
We shall repose secure, forever blest.

Thrice blest, we see with spiritual eyes  
O'er heavenly dome, the bow of promise rise,  
And by the glorious path immortelles bloom,  
And angels waiting to bestow the crown.

## MEMORIES

### THAT CLUSTER AROUND JAMESTOWN, VA.

ABOUT two miles from Fortress Monroe, at the place known as Camp Hamilton, the hospital of the army of the James River was located. The first slaves brought to America were landed a few miles away, at Jamestown, and this was the scene of our earliest Indian romance, the story of Pocahontas. The second church built in America stands in the town. Such are the associations with three races that cluster around Jamestown. A school is here located on a park-like estate of a hundred and twenty acres, on Hampton Creek, Va., and about two miles from Fortress Monroe, to educate the negro and Indian,—buildings amounting in value to forty thousand dollars, with an endowment from the General Assembly of Virginia, giving it one-third of the Agricultural College land-grant, or ninety-five thousand dollars, the State holding the fund, and paying to this school the annual interest.

O HALLOWED spot of ancient fame,  
Dear to the red man's memory!  
Their fathers here gained warlike name,  
We'll scan its varied history.

This world is a revolving ball,  
We, just a pinch of mortal dust ;  
What matter hallowed memories all,  
While race on race depart, and must ?

The hunting-grounds the Indians view,  
To them so beautiful and wild,  
No place so fair and wide they knew ;  
To them no other clime beguiled.

But look ! from off the sea-beat shore  
A sail is seen, — 'twas strange and new ;  
Their wild and savage ways no more  
In peace and quiet may pursue.

From all the higher walks of life,  
From all the English schools of learning,  
They came, while storm and wind in strife  
Beat fiercely savage camp-fires burning.

The Indians brought them turkeys, corn,  
And early berries in perfection.  
The whites were " to the manor born,"  
For work they had no predilection.

They came with their besetting sin  
Of indolence, to learn was folly  
Industrious ways; and from within  
Hatred of work brought melancholy.

The Indians grew to hate the white:  
“Their selfish ways we will not brook,  
Redress gain not in craven flight;”  
Shot bitter, dark, and angry look.

They brought the tomahawk and arrow,  
For ready use when leader shouted.  
A few whites left to tell their sorrow,  
For they had then no cannons mounted.

The little maiden, Pocahontas,  
Here saved a life by her kind heart;  
As Lady Rebecca, her descendants  
Are proud of her lineage to be a part.

The whites built church, semblance of home,  
The second church in all the country.  
Precepts so taught then at Jamestown  
They disregard, but give their bounty.

All things were dreary, wild, and new;  
Dutch ships brought negroes by the cargo,  
Indians were idle too, 'tis true,  
All work committed to the negro.

They sold them, one man to the other, —  
Such cruel facts we must regard —  
A white man sold his own dark brother  
To delve, a slave, without reward.

From bad to worse the whites had grown,  
Till they would fain have killed each man.  
Differing, till sparks by pretext thrown  
A flame spread, by slave question fanned.

In thunder tones Fort Sumter spoke,  
Joined too by sturdy Fortress Monroe;  
The brother tie now fully broke,  
As deep they plunge in war's dread woe.

All Northern forces join together,  
Supported by the cannons' flash;  
It burns apart the slaves' strong tether,  
The Southern power falls with a crash.

All earthly things must end, 'tis said ;  
Loss of our country's flowering life,  
And loss of treasure never read,  
Caused wholly by such awful strife.

The angels gazed with mournful eyes,  
Powerless' such dreadful things to right ;  
In horror, lest stern justice wise,  
To punish them their lives should blight.

The bending flowers droop o'er the stream,  
Saddened by such inhuman sights.  
Nature joins us, as in a dream,  
Praying, "Forgive such wicked rites."

The prayer is heard ; it brighter seems,  
As if all summer days together  
Dropped from their wings bright, warm sunbeams  
For slavery's bane cast off forever.

These troubles of the nation past,  
The slave-holder will wrongs repair ;  
Our nation's armies rest at last,  
With scars of war on brows once fair.

Now these three races are at peace,  
At Hampton Creek they live united ;  
In union all, since slaves' release  
Now realized the hopes once blighted.

The white race paying honor's debts,  
Led by hearts earnest, warm, and true,  
Teaching the Indian cunning arts,  
Educating the once oppressed negro.

And while they live, by memories dear  
Will be this ancient hallowed spot ;  
Three races each their own revere,  
Some drear, some pleasant, none forgot.



### THE ARBUTUS.

THE fields are brown, except the pine,  
No more the feathery snow will fall;  
But buds and flowers still decline  
To answer to the spring's sweet call.

The brooklet, free from icy clasp,  
A silver stream flows to the sea;  
And now the rain, by wind swept past,  
Each snowflake changed to flower-fairy.

They hide away, and mantle wrap  
Of sunshine; then with grace unfold.  
The frost shows power to o'erlap,  
The fair broad valley chill with cold.

For, covered o'er by Nature's care,  
With russet leaves from winter chill,  
The sweet arbutus, pale and fair,  
Blooms fragrant now, and fears no ill.

They're Nature's flowers, "Babes of the Wood,"  
To bloom is all that they desire ;  
To be admired they never could,  
Hold high the head, nor more aspire.

Betrayed by glossy leaf of green,  
Hiding away so modestly ;  
Now smiling in the warm sunbeam,  
Lifting the brown veil bashfully.

With gentle care, the silent rain  
Showers pearly drops around their feet ;  
Since sunbeams kiss, a blush has lain  
On buds with hearts so purely white.

Such unassuming purity,  
Just made from snowflake into flower ;  
Emblem of bright futurity,  
A sweet reward for wintry hour.

LINES ON AN ACCIDENT.

In the woods I strayed one day ;  
Beside the brook was standing  
The queen of sprites, a lovely fay,  
Quite near the verge of landing.

The light, a golden sunbeam,  
Shone o'er her flowing hair.  
Where does this fairy reign supreme,  
On earth or in the air ?

There, where 'tis always summer,  
In dale and glen and fell,  
Home near the brooklets murmur,  
Just where I do not tell.

I hope she'll tell us if we ask  
What stars o'er us preside,  
And in their sweet light should we bask,  
Could we have want beside ?

Did answer come? We scarce could tell;  
We heard a murmur low  
Return from glen and dale and fell,  
“I’m called Echo — o — o.”

Will curious Pandora  
Her gift-box open more,  
Let loose on our defenceless head .  
Woes in full store — ore — ore?

Will gods of shade or brightness  
Above us hover ever?  
Will they have power to curse or bless?  
We listen, hearing “bless — ess.”

Our hearts are lightened, for we’re sure  
Her last answer was “bless.”  
We little dream the fate in store,  
We could not even guess.

A boy with other boys is wishing  
For something else to do;  
Thinks to the river we’ll go fishing  
That will be something new.

It was a most unhappy thought,  
Fell down a treacherous place ;  
A boatman near at last had caught,  
And bore him to the surface.

He could no greater gladness give  
To loved ones in full measure ;  
He said, " I think that he will live,"  
Restored their one great treasure.

### LINES TO AN INFANT.

DEAR cherub of purity, how lovely you are !  
Could we see through futurity, the near and the  
far,  
Would wish the fays of bright realms to bestow  
A charmed circle about you wherever you go.

On land or on water, where'er you may be,  
May heavenly angels keep guard over thee ;  
For this little maiden so small is so sweet  
From brow to dimple, from crown to feet.

And it is not strange that a pure, fresh delight  
Should yet blossom forth with each day and night ;  
The drifting from past life into the new  
Twines wreaths of golden hopes, budding for you.

May her little heart be happy always ;  
At life's close may she carefully place it away  
In the soft mantle folds of the Saviour's love,  
And rest ever blest in the pure realms above.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE  
PURITANS.

OUR fathers' customs, manners, styles,  
Seem Puritan altogether;  
They must be sure to go to church  
Through sunshine or foul weather.

"When the horn on Sabbath morning,  
Through the still and frosty air,  
From Spurwick Pool and Blackpoint,  
Called to sermon and to prayer,

"To the goodly house of worship,  
Where, in order due and fit,  
As by public vote directed,  
Classed and ranked the people sit.

"Mistress first, and good-wife after,  
Clerkly squire before the clown;  
From the brave coat, lace-embroidered,  
To the gray frock shaded down."

You all know, without parading,  
This quotation is from Whittier ;  
He left unsaid the maidens shading  
From pretty ones to prettier.

We'll say the ones that please ; for all  
By certain ways seem fair.  
Our ancestors were apt to call  
All beauty frail a snare.

The mother says of one that's plain,  
"My daughter is plain but smart ;"  
The fair one's mother, in her own  
Sees beauty of form and heart.

Father and son scarce sympathize ;  
He speaks in stern, grim humor,  
"Depend on your own enterprise,  
That brings the highest honor."

The ancient preacher soon condemns  
Smartness, that is, ambition.  
All beauty and vain-glory lead  
Straight on down to perdition.



After the ancient deacon reads  
The line to be sung over,  
The people rise, rich voices lead,  
Subdued sire, child, and mother.

The preacher from the desk doles out —  
For the want of a better medium,  
No daily papers were then about —  
News of city and surburban.

“A new thatched cot is being pitched  
On Enoch Whitman’s pasture ;  
Some say his daughter Ruth’s bewitched,  
If true, we’ll learn hereafter.”

“Bewitched ! what, Ruth Whitman bewitched ! ”  
Each one in thought is saying ;  
“The Lord preserve and keep us all,  
But she’ll be saved by praying.”

In order next the prayer sublime,  
The benediction given ;  
The zealous felt that at this time  
They’d caught a glimpse of heaven.

The congregation soon pass out ;  
In the vestibule some loiter  
To talk of cows and churns and crops, —  
To generally reconnoitre.

The ladies say, "Sad about Ruth,  
I wish her ma was living ;  
We hardly credit it as truth."  
One says, "I miss her singing."

Not only Ruth, but many more  
By spirits are depressed ;  
Protruding tongue and deafened ear  
Show plainly they're possessed.

The minister must come at once  
To exorcise the evil ;  
To treat him we've no wine at hand,  
Must borrow to be civil.

As home from church they wend their way,  
Right properly exorcised,  
"O Lord, be with us ! we hope and pray  
Our own are better advised."

Arriving home they gather 'round  
The hearth so bright and cosey ;  
The huge back-log with sparks abound,  
Lights sons and maiden rosy.

“O ma! what can we do for Ruth?”  
“Leave her in God's care, love ;  
If we accept the tale as truth,  
Remember who reigns above.”

“Did you like the father's teaching,”  
Said the sire, “my good-wife old?  
I could not attend the preaching,  
For my heart seemed growing cold.”

With her soul she was communing,  
Oh, how could such words be said!  
And her heart she was attuning,  
Then in reverence bowed her head.

For the words of that grim preacher,  
“Going to perdition straight,”  
Blended with her child's soul beauty,  
Fit to meet at heaven's gate.

## WHEN THEY WENT SUMMERING.

### CHARACTERS PRESENTED.

Miss FLORA VAN GOLD.

Miss KATE PALMA.

Miss MAUDE ELLIOT.

Miss BELLE HAMLIN.

Miss EDITH CAREW.

Mr. DEFOY, musician.

Mr. BLISS, waltzer.

Mr. WEIS, oarsman.

Mr. MACE, tennis-player.

Mr. WALTER E. SEYMOUR, artist.

Each young lady is looking lovely, so all gather under the chandelier to show to better advantage their evening dresses.

Every young gentleman, in turn, likes to show in what he excels. Defoy, a fine musician, eclipses the rest in music ; Mr. Bliss is considered the sweetest waltzer ; Mr. Weis, the finest oarsman ; Mr. Mace is a very graceful tennis-player ; but the artist seems to eclipse them all.

THE gay young people from towns around  
Hie away to the rural mountains ;  
The towns are still, for the young abound,  
Drink health from the mineral fountains.

They gather in the hotel parlor, —  
Now, surely, it was very queer, —  
Maude, Kate, Belle, Edith, and Flora,  
Just under the bright chandelier.

Miss Flora Van Gold wore violet,  
With an overdress of white lace ;  
And Miss Kate Palma wore garnet,  
So becoming to a brunette face.

They looked exceedingly beautiful,  
And each wore a very long train.  
Now sit in line quite dutiful,  
With chaperons tall and plain.

Soon they gather around the piano,  
Good music each one will enjoy,  
Soprano, bass, tenor, contralto,  
All eclipsed by Mr. Defoy.

So Mr. Defoy remains sitting,  
Sings from mental repertory,  
While maidens and sweethearts are flitting  
To some impromptu conservatory.

Mr. Bliss is now quietly moving,  
Interrupting their laughter and mirth,  
For he knows that the young ladies call him  
The sweetest waltzer on earth.

By Defoy a perfectly lovely waltz,  
Dedicated to young Mr. Bliss;  
His locks jar in rhythmical time—they're false—  
While they waltz, Bliss all does eclipse.

Next morning in order is a row on the lakes,  
A fine oarsman is the strong Mr. Weis,  
The fancy of every young lady he takes,  
Palm taken from fine Mr. Bliss.

Then an outing of favorite lawn tennis,  
So gracefully done by one Mace,  
That with all his ability, Monsieur Weis,  
Regretting, surrenders his place.

In the afternoon 'bus, an artist arrives,  
His trunk marked "Walter E. Seymour;"  
So all rush at once to hotel archives,  
To read and learn possibly more.

Now he is an artist, without much to do,  
Lives in the proverbial garret;  
Would like to secure a class of a few,  
For subjects to sketch the fields ferret.

They follow the artist, being his pupils,  
They think him refined and quite handsome;  
To sketch and to paint their duty fulfils,  
With minds picture-bound then at random.

Now Messrs. Defoy, Weis, Bliss, and Mace  
Wish much to enjoy the summering,  
To teach even painting is now out of place,  
They in the smoke-room are murmuring.

The murmuring gains an immense accent,  
And also the envious feeling;  
Of his monopoly they'll make him repent,  
Their minds to each other revealing.

When he's walking alone, down the highway,  
They whistle and sit on the fence;  
Are doffing their hats, just moving away,  
And singing with malice prepense,

“As I went out for a short promenade,  
I was thought so fine and gay,  
I was obliged to take my dog abroad  
To keep the pupils away.”

Now it so chanced on this highway  
There was a temporary bridge to pass,  
Just wide enough a team to convey,  
Those on foot, a log walked across.

Some walked on two feet, the artist on four,  
Mossy log was extremely slippery;  
Wished head and physique were in harmony more.  
Fell off uncommonly quickly.

And his deriders who sat on the fence,  
Enjoying his unhappy plight,  
Said, with more of that pure malice prepense,  
“We think you wish it was night.”

Back to the hotel the artist repairs,  
From every point he is dripping:  
“I hope no one I’ll meet on the stairs,  
For they their coffee are sipping.”



He changes his suit for one more dry,  
And with rueful face conveys it  
To his trunk to send when none are by,  
Thinks the unlucky star surveys it.

Now Messrs. Weis, Mace, Bliss, and Defoy  
To business routine are returning;  
Their summering ended, they cease to enjoy,  
Bookkeeping and mountains are blending.

One day Mr. Weis Miss Van Gold espied  
Promenading, thinks she will remember,  
Doffed hat, "Good-evening;" not a word she replied,  
Rather cool this kind of September.

He urged, "I am Weis, who rowed on the lakes,  
Drank with you from mineral fountains."  
"Oh! ah!" a still cooler tone she takes,  
"Then we were all at the mountains."

Now Monsieurs Bliss, Defoy, and Mace  
Were walking, 'twas such fine weather,  
Met the artist Seymour, he spoke with grace,  
"You three I see always together."

"You can see more than others can see,  
Your surname implies as much.  
"I see," said he, "what has worth to me,  
The worthless discard as such."

Now Mace some fun could quite enjoy:  
"How's bathing up at the mountains?  
More comfortable mode next time employ,  
Don't drink at turbulent fountains."

Their chaffing he good-humoredly took,  
Then doffing his hat prepared  
To bid adieu, said with backward look  
"Only bathing suit I had."

Philosophizes while on he walks,  
"Chagrin we must always pocket;  
Put pride, ambition — every thing —  
In the money-drawer, then lock it."

### THE BLESSINGS OF LIFE.

ON the ocean a mariner was wishing one day  
To stop at some port, without more delay,  
To take a part freight of water. He mused,  
“Though water abounds, it cannot be used.

“In childhood, now past, our elders would say,  
‘Now you must be happy, ’tis sunshine all day.’  
We then, or when older, the sun could appreciate,  
But more, if showers were sprinkled intermediate.”

’Tis so with us all; though blessings are plenty,  
When we have one, we wish there were twenty;  
And so, if we fail not in all we attempt,  
Bless duties fulfilled, be glad and content.

## A TRIP TO THE AZORES.

THE islands worthy of mention of the Azores are Flores and Fayal, its principal town being Horta, and here vessels usually enter port between these two islands. The island of Pico, famous for its vineyards ; San Miguel, the largest and finest of the Azores ; Graciosa, a small island with no especial attraction. San Jorge has high, beetling crags and a lonely look, — a stay of an hour would be long enough. Terceira is third in order of discovery, but second in population and importance. Corvo, higher but smaller than Flores, lies ten miles north of it. The mountains of note are Monte da Guia, its counterpart Monte Brazil, Monte Queimada, and Mounts Espalamarca and Pico. Angra is the capital of the Azores. It is the residence of the governor-general and also of the bishop.

On visiting the Azores, the wonders of the islands are the first objects of interest. Among them are the great craters of the mountains ; the largest is that of the Sete Cidades, or seven cities, and is at the north-western extremity of San Miguel. Diameter of this crater is three miles ; at the bottom are two great lakes, one named Lagoa Azul, — the blue lake, — the other, Lagoa Verde, meaning the green lake. It is in the crater known as the Valley of the Furnas, that one finds more that is attractive and novel than anywhere else on the islands ; it takes its name from the hot-springs and geysers of mineral water, which render it a resort for invalids. This place has

droll customs, — one of calling people by a nickname until it supersedes their own on the letters they receive ; Francisco is nicknamed *Panela*, or saucepan ; and *Pereire* has killed a pig, so has added *Ribica*, meaning pig-tail. The Azorean utilizes every thing, — his roof and hat is made of straw, his dyes are the weeds of the hillside, the volcano supplies stone for his house, the heather his fuel.

The houses are built in a very peculiar way, in continuous blocks and without chimneys, fires being seldom needed, except for culinary purposes in the open air. The lower floor is seldom used to live on ; it is oftener built in an arcade, and each arch is used as a bazaar ; but some have only an enclosed yard, with just the semblance of an arcade, the entrance to the arches being lined across with plank, leaving just a covered court-yard, and here the well is placed.

The Azoreans are subject to the Government of Portugal, and nearly every thing they raise is carried there, a large part to satisfy the tax-collector. Their modes of labor are pristine ; even a girl of twelve or thirteen drives a pair of oxen in ploughing, or on the street to market. Fruit is in abundance, flowers in profusion. The cork-oak, the camphor-tree, the date, the cocoanut, and other palm-trees, pomegranates, guavas, pineapples, and the olive are here. On all occasions the stranger is welcome to the humble home of the Azoreans.

WITH light winds we leave Long Island, tacking slowly night and day ;  
Soon begin to envy steamers, victims of wind's fickle way.

We care not for wind or weather; when the stronger  
breezes play,  
The ship grandly walks the waters with majestic  
march and sway.

Ah! this sway is so deceiving, for the floor meets  
one halfway.  
Says the captain, "See the ocean changed from  
glass to crystal spray!"

All its beauties now revealing, we could not  
appreciate;  
For the dinners and the suppers were prohibited  
by fate.

When the moon in all her splendor paints the sail  
with gleaming white,  
With sea-sickness and sea-stories pass the droning  
hours of night.

In mid-ocean, some more sturdy feel no fear or  
loneliness;  
Enjoy freely dance or chorus, help the voyage to  
a success.

In the distance, rising dimly, a long range of cone-  
like hills,  
Dignified Espalamaca, showing land, joy the heart  
fills.

And its sides with smiling grain-fields show a  
horticultural pride.  
Said our friend, "The land stands edgewise, and  
they plant it on each side."

To the north Monte Queimada; storms its blackened  
sides deplete.  
Rising south-west, Monte da Guia towers three  
hundred and forty feet.

With fair winds and sails all flowing, we arrive in  
Fayal Lee;  
Drifting slowly, leaving Flores, landing safe on  
Horta quay.

Curving like its friend, the sea-wall, the main  
thoroughfare is bent;  
Dressed each side in red-tiled houses, to the tips  
of its crescent.

Small glazed tiles of pure porcelain, with raised  
figures blue or green,  
Grace the houses, in quaint model of weird Moslem  
origin.

When the Netherlands were invaded, and by Spanish  
troops subdued,  
Took their habits and tiles with them, till the  
country was imbued

With the customs and vocations of far Spain's  
peninsulas,  
By these Dutch brought to New England in the  
old colonial days.

But I wander from my subject, from the Azores to  
our shore ;  
To your leniency commend me, and the islands  
we'll explore.

To the houses without chimneys is an inner  
entrance made  
By a long, wide, wooden staircase, and a yard  
and an arcade.



Now this yard has a paved border, as a base-board  
or dado,  
With smooth, deep gray or white pebbles, and 'tis  
called the "sagao."

And the gardens, like a prison, boast a wall sixteen  
feet high ;  
Tall mimosas shade the entrance, with sweet steph-  
anotis nigh.

Here are trees of all varieties, cocoa, date-palm,  
and coffee,  
Bamboo, olive, guava, tea-plant, acanthus, and  
camphor-tree.

Here are also pomegranates, paper-plant, and Norfolk  
pines,  
With an endless list of flowers, and of fragrant  
blooming vines.

And long hedges of camellias, flowering masses red  
and white ;  
Passion-flowers with white, fringed petals, and ipomea,  
queen of night.

Massive rose-trees; oleanders ten feet high and  
blooming full.

So these islands have been well named the "fair  
garden of Portugal."

Then the churches' architecture is pretentious and  
Moorish,

Decked with tinselled, gewgawed idols, to our eyes  
looks quite foolish.

Every third day is a fast day, or a feast day, all  
the same,

For Saint Andrew, or Saint Leon, or some other  
saintly name.

Rockets rising from the church steps, and the  
joyous ringing bell,

And in front a cloistered court-yard, centred by an  
ivied well.

With red stole and silver cross the priest performs  
the solemn rite,

Altar-boys swinging censers, devotees with candles  
bright.

Canopies in bright brocading, borne 'midst rows of  
muffled drums,  
Tones subdued float from the cornets, — announce  
the procession comes.

See the men with woollen caps on, with the pointed,  
tasselled top,  
Shirts and trousers of white linen, on the shoulders  
jackets short.

And no bonnets for the women, just a cotton  
handkerchief;  
Woman's inborn pride seems vanished, and completely  
brought to grief.

And a skirt of blue or crimson, with an overdress  
once white,  
With a capote like a chaise-top, flowing cape to  
the feet, quite.

Then Flamingos is attractive, picturesque to outlined  
edge,  
Near to Horta, by a torrent, spanned by arching a  
stone bridge.

Tents are pitched along the shore, on the beach  
are wrecks stranded ;  
Fisherman with queer-shaped baskets, and strange  
fishes, brilliant red.

If you travel to the Azores, climb to the Cidades  
height ;  
Pitch the tent quite near this crater, then explore  
with all the might.

Charioteer, three mules, and carriage is most stylish,  
you decide ;  
Soon a pair of cattle added, for more strength, and  
so you ride.

When two thousand feet ascended, towns and  
islands look more fair ;  
The descending path is hedged by lines of blue  
hydrangea.

From the base we view the mountains, burnished  
with a golden glow ;  
Purple clouds as misty curtains, hiding half the  
beauty now.

And a lassitude and quiet steals o'er dwellers near  
the base ;

'Tis an unremitting languor, gives to energy no  
place.

Where the flower-laden bowers fill the air with  
fragrant dew,

Where the heavy-fruited trees hold delicious globes  
to view,

Where hydrangeas and bouvardias show bright  
masses by the way,

And the fuchsias — "tears of Venus" — droop in  
graceful scarlet spray,

Where the sunbeam melts the shadows into golden  
sheen of day,

There the dweller on the Azores drones his listless  
life away.

A MEDLEY OF NONSENSE.

FOR THE BOYS.

'Tis said the model ancient dame  
    Could make butter with great ease,  
But Cadmus from her takes the palm,  
    Brought letters into Greece.

To which writer of English poems  
    Can a mummy be compared?  
The mummy is a dried 'un (Dryden),  
    And so was the English bard.

And now good Queen Victoria smiles  
    On linseed and petroleum,  
Because she is the Queen of Isles,  
    As a patron presents them.

A bombshell and the Prince of Wales  
    Some are trying to compare,  
For he is now heir to the throne,  
    The shell thrown to the air.

The good book says the strongest man  
Was one whose name was Samson ;  
But when Sir Jonah came, 'twas plain  
He was not held in ransom.

Noah was saved of all the clan ;  
The dove brought lots of green back ;  
So Noah was a wealthy man,  
No cash in stock did he lack.

Now Pharaoh hated Moses,  
We're told, — we must not doubt it, —  
'Tis true that history supposes  
He was more plague than prophet.

Why poor Robinson Crusoe  
Was lonely, we could not tell ;  
For a mighty wind soon blew so,  
To the isle it brought a Swell.

To pass right on to common things,  
Why's love like a canal boat ?  
To guess aright true joy brings,  
'Tis an internal transport.

As on the cars we travel bold,  
Delightful air and view,  
The guard in ticket cuts a hole,  
Just for us to pass through.

What color is the wave? Suppose  
'Tis a trying question for you;  
We all know that the waves rose,  
And also the winds blew.

The dog in winter a coat vaunts,  
And of the weather grumbles;  
In summer he wears coat and pants,  
And so all things he jumbles.

We think that a giraffe should be  
One of the best of singers;  
His efforts might astonish me,  
Voice worse than most beginners.

Six feet or so of bronchial tube,  
Fit subject for bronchitis;  
Straining his voice — music imbued —  
Induced the laryngitis.



Now why should feathers of the hen  
Be always smooth and trim?  
Why, when travelling, they then  
Take with them a fine comb.

They never lay their eggs at night,  
For they are roosters then;  
They never talk much in this plight,  
Have recourse to the pen.

And after all the nonsense said,  
To mention this we're bent:  
The largest room written of or read,  
Is called, "room for improvement."

## HOME LIFE OF THE OWL;

OR, ADMIRATION, CONSUMMATION, DISSIPATION,  
DESPERATION, REPARATION, RESTORATION.

### ADMIRATION.

Two owls once lived in a hollow tree,  
And they were as knowing as owls could be.  
Said old Mr. Owl unto his mate,  
“Have you noticed a neighboring owlet of late  
Shows interest in our daughter Hannah?”

“And she takes a walk out every day  
To watch him building his house of hay.”  
“What! our daughter Hannah! now that is unfair  
To accuse her of such a thing, I declare;  
I have never noticed a single look

“To our daughter Hannah that could be taken  
For any especially marked attention;  
I think you must be insane to mention  
Such a thing as possible, for a mother, I ween,  
Would see it as soon as it was to be seen.

“ But now I remember, I thought Hannah careless,  
For a cool evening of April she was strolling  
wrapperless,  
For I know she wore only a white summer suiting  
All newly trimmed with a soft feather fluting,  
Such garments of feather are not fit for such  
weather.”

“ Oh, now I have told you, you’ve noticed it all !  
It has been so all winter, must have known it last  
fall ;  
If you had seen it, and I had been blind,  
You would have declared it like my dull mind,” —  
With a twinkling eye, — “ Ma, the wedding is  
nigh.”

CONSUMMATION.

House commenced in April was finished one night,  
So they sent at once for the neighboring owl  
minister,  
Who, the mother declared, looked extremely sinister.  
To have known it at first would have been a  
delight,  
But now all was wrong to her, — nothing was right.

To the owlets he said, "Your wings fold together."  
Pronounced them owl and wife, and birds of one  
feather.

"And whom I have joined let no other owl sever."  
They met by the meadows, a frog played a harp,  
The full moon was just setting as the guests did  
depart.

DISSIPATION.

Now this young Mr. Owlet was once dissipated;  
Not long after marriage was often belated  
About coming home; his evenings were spent  
With convivial companions, till night hours were  
blent  
With dull hours of morning; soon he did repent.

DESPERATION.

Mrs. Owlet's patience, tried endurance past,  
As a band gave way in the centre at last.  
She declared, "I am driven to desperation  
With continued solicitude about his dissipation,  
Which I see is gaining on him very fast."

One dark, stormy night, the moon had grown  
dim ;

Said, "When he comes home, with a cane I'll treat  
him."

When he opened the door, said, "You imbibe no  
more."

The cane proved a sceptre, he fell on the floor ;  
Was it due to the cane, or some dizzy odor ?

He said, "Do forgive me, I'll imbibe no more."

She said, "Then behave, rise up from the floor."

And taking her kerchief commenced now to weep ;

Her two little owlets are awakened from sleep,

So troubled in rest, they fell out of the nest.

With frightened eyes gazed at each other aghast,

And thought that poor mother is crazy at last.

Her father and mother now appear on the scene :

"What about this trouble that lately has been

Making you two unhappy, once so serene ?"

## REPARATION.

The kerchief performance repeated once more,  
Misdeeds the young father begins to deplore,  
And declares he'll repair as well as he can  
Damage to home and to heart, like a good owl  
man;  
Happiness and quiet to his home he'll restore.

The moon in the sky is fulling once more,  
The frogs in the meadow shake hands o'er and  
o'er;  
The grand dame is looking through glasses quite  
dim,  
To think what a wonderful change came to him.  
For a sceptre will order and quiet restore.

So she places her hand on her dear daughter's  
head,  
And in a nice owl motherly way she said,  
"Now Hannah, as your home joys are renewed,  
I am glad your father and I interviewed  
You two, and so in the future be good."

The moon is now setting o'er hamlet and cot,  
To the happy young owl wife no other known  
spot

On earth is half so delightful and pleasant  
As her nest, with her dear ones eating mouse and  
pheasant,

Bestowed by owl husband, who now imbibes not.

Storm, darkness, and lightning are really all gone,  
Her looks now serene, once so forlorn ;  
Mr. Owlet is happy and contented too,  
But the past he scarcely likes to review.  
So all their former enjoyment renew.

### THE BROOKLET.

OH, rippling, babbling, silvery stream !  
Each pearly drop is lit in gleam.

For where the sunbeams kiss thy face,  
The rays reflected lend sweet grace.

Tell to what glen we are indebted  
For so much beauty all united

In this pure, ever-changing vision,  
Fair as a smiling dream illusion.

On golden rainbows in misty air  
I float, with other nymphs more fair.

From airy home to mountain peak  
Sink, resting happy, till I bespeak

In tumbling frolic, a group of brothers,  
Then down the mountain I go with others.



Half down, unite with fairies more,  
We never imagined such fun in store.

Nor pause to scan the wonderful view  
Spread in rare beauty wherever we go.

We merely greet heath, violet, and grass,  
Linger to kiss the drooping narcissus.

We leap the rocks, then away in the sheen,  
Where sunshine is peeping the leaves between.

And here we loiter to greet the glen fairy,  
With her sprites and train of nymphs so airy,

That, to see them, one must have a keen eye,  
And to interview them, have no mortal by.

But when we enter a deep ravine,  
Then from inaction commence to repine.

And when we arrive at top of low column,  
We stop, and meet in conclave solemn,

And admire the grandeur open to view,  
To be able to tell the naiads below,

There's a mount in the distance, with a rugged face,  
And a spread of water, falling with grace.

To the meadow sweep, in veil so filmy,  
To shield it from our too close scrutiny.

At the foot a vernal carpet is spread,  
'Tween forest and sky, these mountains seem wed.

And each tall elm, fir, and gnarled oak,  
A witness to the solemn vows they took.

Sprites must not linger, but return again.  
Said the one older, "We'll ne'er more see this plain ;

"For we shall be stranded on some cruel gneiss,  
Ingulfed in a cavern, or lost in a crevice."

The dewdrop said "No," more sanguine was she,  
"We'll enjoy the ocean reception with glee."

When heard from, they were at the ocean party.  
And engrossed at once in its whirl of gayety.

## THE FORMATION OF THE WORLD.

THE word went forth, "Let there be light,"  
And atoms were revolved  
In such great numbers, with such might,  
That heat was soon evolved.

These dust-like bits of glistening light  
Fill all the space with strife,  
As if contention were their right.  
From chaos condense life.

By currents of electric air,  
The infinitesimal atoms,  
With Nature's ever-present care,  
Form atmospheric phantoms

That now revolve in spheres of light  
On mobile, airy billow.  
Will they continue always bright,  
Cradled on Nature's pillow?

Such numbers vast, and varied size,  
To us 'tis an enigma.  
We must enjoy, with wondering eyes,  
The marvellous panorama.

Beyond deep spaces cold and dark,  
But also full of power,  
A light looms up, 'tis but a spark,  
Expands an earthly bower.

And many worlds appear and go ;  
Their mythical names confuse us,  
So now we'll mention some we know,  
Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus,

Mercury, Venus, and Neptune fine,  
With a vast, fiery sun<sup>1</sup> as centre ;  
His tractive power keeps them in line,  
Much larger than all together.

His spots seem blackened, deadened fires,  
But on such mighty surface,  
That we can no way realize  
His raging, tossing tempests.

<sup>1</sup> The sun is six hundred times larger than all the planets together.

Strange all these swift succeeding fires,  
Where a hundred worlds could burrow,  
Do not to our dim, far-off eyes  
His surface scar or furrow.

Warms us, melts miles of ice in millions;  
His power we fathom no way.  
Makes winds so pure, they cleanse all things,  
Then bathes them in the sea-spray.

He stores away with prudent care  
Thousands of condensed sunbeams;  
'Tis buried wealth, 'neath earth quite bare,  
This coal, cloud-shade redeems.

The sullen moon his rays reflect,  
And never asks for more;  
Heeds not that we the fraud detect,  
Earth does the same thing o'er.

This earth, so grand and beautiful,  
Stores all things we need have;  
To Nature's laws all dutiful,  
Rich mines, streams, mountains brave.

The sun greets stream and mountain peak,  
Wakes all the earth to power ;  
The planets evening grace bespeak,  
With northern-bright Aurora.

Now Mars moves on his great war-path,  
Nine hundred miles a minute ;  
Two moons to light him in his wrath,  
Shines red, then seems to scintillate.

Jupiter, called the king of gods,  
Largest of giant planets,  
Four moons, bright lights prismatic shed,  
Seem vying as attendants.

His orbit nearly circular,  
He could not turn short corners ;  
His spots and belts are changing air,  
No solid earth like ours.

Mercury shines with a white light,  
Nearly as bright as Sirius ;  
Learn more in time, to our delight,  
His ways are now mysterious.

Venus, goddess of beauty called,  
Looks down sometimes in midday;  
Multitudes gaze from street and hall  
In wonder, but not dismay.

Neptune, named "god of the sea,"  
Sought for like "golden fleece,"  
By Adams, Airy, and Dr. Galle,  
Our knowledge to increase.

Uranus fair, with its moons four,  
Free, sailing through vast space,  
We wish of it we could learn more,  
How revolves and what its place.

Saturn is wandering god of time,  
And of surpassing grandeur;  
Rotation time we can define,  
His rings excite our wonder.

Are they a halo of vapor cloud?  
As rainbows are reflected?  
His eight moons ne'er collide or crowd,  
What splendor is depicted!

When we have left this mundane sphere,  
Arrayed for pure enjoying,  
With increased power we then can hear  
The star song of the morning.

In early times, our fathers read,  
The dawn-stars sang together,  
Said, form of speech, nor gave more heed,  
Till science taught them better.

Each revolution of a star  
Proclaims its height of glory;  
Could we but bring it from afar,  
We'd then admire its beauty.

And more, we'd hear the music strain,  
Sung by swift revolution;  
To eye and ear 'twould then be plain,  
It's power of evolution.

Crowding vibrations give each shade,  
Green, orange, light-blue, yellow,  
By fast receding stars are made  
Violet, still faster, indigo,



A pyrotechnist once arranged,  
In Saratoga garden hollow,  
A color concert, it was strange,  
All colors of the rainbow.

Through falling water, electric light,  
With glass lens cut uneven,  
Shone colors iridescent, bright,  
Seemed not of earth, but heaven.

The mind was vassal to the eye,  
For not a word was spoken;  
A band played 'neath some trees near by,  
The silence was unbroken.

Till one said, "This is fairyland!"  
So that was earthly idea,  
But God's great color, music, band,  
We will perceive far clearer.

Oh, could we all ourselves install,  
Continuous spectators,  
Discern behind great nature's law  
Wise power of the Creator's;

Could we increase the power of sight,  
A thousand-fold or more,  
Enjoy the glorious picture bright,  
Our former state deplore !

The waves of color we now see  
Are eye illusions merely,  
Compared to those so heavenly,  
For them we'll see more clearly.

What could be purer or more sweet,  
Of spiritual occupation,  
Than color concerts, now replete,  
By our higher observation.

For it is God's vast handiwork,  
Proclaimed, enlarged, accented,  
Enjoying power bestowed on us,  
We know was ne'er repented.

CHARLEY, COME 'CROSS THE OCEAN  
TO ME.

"CHARLEY, come 'cross the ocean to me,  
For the sun shines brightly o'er the deep blue sea,  
A rainbow is ready, a beautiful bridge,  
Spanning the world to the waters' edge.

"For why should you linger in foreign lands,  
Too broad a reach for loving hands?  
The gain of wealth is too small a part  
Of life to wholly engross your heart."

The people say 'tis an overwrought brain,  
He will never come back to her again;  
The vessel was wrecked on some distant shore,  
It will never be seen, nor the lover more.

Every eve she visits the sea-beat shore,  
And scans the wide-spread waters o'er,  
Singing, "Charley, come 'cross the ocean to me,"  
Her silvery voice ringing out o'er the sea.

The waves seem hushed by the musical note,  
Rising and soaring o'er the waters to float.  
Will they meet the ear for which they're intended,  
With night-wind and rush of the ocean blended?

For her lover was dying in a distant land,  
And could not be helped by loving hand.  
In dreams the notes dimly float to his ear,  
He whispers, "Dear Eva's voice I hear,

"Singing, 'Charley, we'll cross the beautiful sea  
Together, the ocean of eternity;  
There's a rainbow bridge for us to cross,  
Though it shimmers and shifts, 'tis safe to pass,

"For angels stand ready, with outstretched hands,  
To welcome us to those beautiful lands,  
And guide us to the celestial home,  
In peace forever, no more to roam.'

"Or were they angel voices calling,  
And o'er my senses faintly falling?"  
They're angels calling from the heavenly shore,  
To meet his love, to wander no more.

*Charley, come 'cross the Ocean to Me.* 129

As the summer wanes she droops and fades,  
"Love now shall conquer death," she said;  
A cloud wept softly o'er this face so sweet,  
In pearly drops, for this life incomplete.

The pitying ocean her form embraces,  
Its sougning wave each line caresses;  
The angels followed with velvet tread,  
And bore her to heavenly realms, 'tis said.

### SPRING.

WHILE Winter holds his icy sway,  
For three long months or more,  
We long to hear blue-birds' relay,  
And spring-time joys restore.

When Winter cold and grim and bleak  
His nightcap is discarding,  
From brooklet, surf, and mountain peak,  
With cold north winds we're parting,

'Tis then we write serene relay,  
'Bout snow-bound evenings cosey,  
On wood-pile being made to play  
At drama shapes, now prosy.

When welcome tones of frogs presage  
The spring-time in the meadow,  
Sending a sweet oral message,  
To friends in the next borough;

When birds in numbers plentiful  
From Southern climes migrating,  
Make every thing seem beautiful,  
By melodies relating

How lovely 'twas when they were South,  
No chill they need be fearing ;  
" 'Twere death for us to stay here North,  
When winter bleak is nearing ; "

When butterflies from sleep awake,  
And don their new spring bonnets,  
Chrysalides their torpor shake,  
We write them flattering sonnets.

When his snakeship walks stocking-foot  
Out in the warm spring sunshine,  
He then discards his overcoat,  
Is serene and superfine.

When bees in their industrious way,  
The buds are trying to enter,  
No honey yet they find, nor they  
A lily-bell for shelter.

O joyous Spring! with grace adorn  
Each herb, and tree, and flower,  
Drive Winter's icy reign forlorn  
From earthly vale and bower.



### MINERVA'S FRIENDS.

DEAR readers, let us convene at wise Minerva's call,  
And peruse the works of some, of the many writers all;  
Among so many authors enjoy a rare, deep presence,  
For through their thoughts they strew impressive  
eloquence.

The first American novelist was Charles Brockden  
Brown,  
And with his thrilling power he wrote the ghastly  
down;  
And Freneau should be called the first American poet,  
In writing, his artistic skill pensively shone through it.

Beautiful, delightful, delicate, and sublime  
Were thoughts expressed in works of the olden time;  
The iris thoughts of Emerson were formed of many  
hues,  
And Hawthorne's weird writings seem the works of  
a recluse.

Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, and Payne,  
Franklin, Bryant, Woodworth, Adams, Cranch, and  
Greene,

All were so illustrious, at the zenith of their minds,  
That we were fain to regret living in later times.

Longfellow pleased the people, his meaning reached  
the heart,

His poems bore the impress of beauty in each part ;  
His mind seemed striving after the chronicles of eld,  
And by his fascinating power his audience is held.

Holmes, the versatile, brilliant, sparkling essayist,  
Lecturer, humorist, poet, doctor, novelist,  
Theological debater, wrote humorous verse to order,  
And of the " Literati," none had talents broader.

Best of all his writings, in his own estimation,  
Was the " Chambered Nautilus," it was an inspiration ;  
And as its ship of pearl spread a fair, lustrous home,  
He builds a noble temple, fame echoes to its dome.

Sweetly Mrs. Sigourney wrote her thoughts with grace,  
Thus with her English sister moving on apace ;  
The Hemans of America she has been truly called,  
But to our loving ear no epithet extolled.

Harriet Beecher Stowe, Kate Osgood, Taylor, Poe,  
Have each presented fancies beautiful, we know.  
Poe followed Hawthorne in style so weird and free,  
From stories like the "Gold Bug," to poems of the  
    sea.

The German poets' works in praise not chanted clear,  
By the trans-ocean prejudice might not be fair, I fear ;  
For Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, Herder, Wieland,  
    Körner,  
All were brilliant lights, with Luther as reformer.

But they were mortal all, or were until immortal,  
Seemed in ways extremely so, till they had passed  
    the portal,  
Then all their works are found more lofty, mighty,  
    massive,  
Deep, serene, refined, elegant, and pensive.

Could Schiller's magic voice break once more upon  
    the ear,  
In his lyric song of "Faith, Hope, Love, and Cheer,"  
Through the calm, crystal air the echoes would fall,  
"Scatter, like the circling sun, thy charities on all."

Among these many authors are characters so  
numerous,

We find each and all, sublime, weird, pensive, humor-  
ous ;

New springs of beauty opened by each author's spell,  
Till golden sheen of romance o'er the readers fell.

Of those illustrious writers nearly all have passed  
away,

Vainly we regret them, their flight we fain would stay.  
We cannot lift the veil of the future, let it droop,  
To meet them, rest with us bright angel of hope.

LOST OR MISSING, A BOY SIXTEEN.

"I WISH I were a sailor boy,  
A life so daring, free, and wild  
Would suit my age, 'twould be pure joy,"  
Thought this adventurous child.

"No more to me the home restraint  
Was felt to be so irksome.  
My map of life with brilliant paint  
Was ever colored handsome.

I pictured to myself the sea,  
In summer mild and beautiful,  
Its silver wave entrancing me,  
In storm still more delightful.

I stole away from home one night,  
With bundle on my shoulder;  
The flitting bat gave me a fright,  
Since then I have grown bolder.

Sailed in a ship with a small band,  
Was beaten by a storm,  
So dark — we had lost sight of land —  
We could not see a form.

Were wrecked, and captured by a Turk  
This chief at once consigned me  
With all his other slaves to work,  
But with no claim to bind me.

He'll take me sure sometime to sea;  
Then how my thoughts would stray.  
'I'll then find some way to be free;  
In a ship I'll hide away.'

That ship came sooner than I thought.  
With a small boy I was sent  
To catch some fish, no ship we bought,  
Call it borrowed, now, or lent.

We sailed away from the Turk's power,  
Many miles out of his reach.  
To guide the ship, the sails to lower,  
I then the boy did teach.

For he was only twelve years old,  
A bright, sweet-tempered boy,  
Courageous, strong, helpful, and bold,  
He proved himself no toy.

A storm arose ; was wrecked once more ;  
Cast away on a desolate isle.  
Our ship was stranded near a shore,  
Rock-bound, dreary, and wild.

Swam to the wreck, rich stores we brought,  
Wines, saws, spades, ropes, and wax ;  
We needed áll, with which we wrought,  
Nails, spikes, knives, guns, an axe.

We then began to build a home,  
From the wreck still brought large store.  
We stowed away till we filled a room,  
Could scarcely want for more.

We then at once explored the isle ;  
Found trees and water beautiful.  
With these things here, we trust, the while,  
That others, too, are plentiful.

Our days were lonely, sad, and drear,  
Tried our courage to the end ;  
But when we felt a lack or fear,  
A musket proved a friend.

Of life's rough way we had our fill.  
We sat at sombre twilight,  
To pass our time sea-stories tell  
Sometimes till nearly midnight.

But not a word of home we spake,  
Though near the thoughts of both,  
Never to each, restraint to break,  
On other things not loath.

Two lonely boys on that wide sea,  
Of every friend bereft ;  
Our guardian angels, where'er they be,  
Their charge seem to have left.

The younger boy fell once to dreaming,  
His parents both seemed near.  
They said, ' Though life be a wasted seeming,  
To us you are most dear.



‘ Be brave of heart and steadfast,  
The earthly journey through ;  
This short and lonely life when past,  
Will make our hearts more true.’

‘ I’ll try not to be lonely,  
For on this isle to-night,  
My parents, with words to cheer me,  
Seemed hère, though not in sight.’

A speck is on the mystic border,  
Where earth and heaven meet ;  
In long suspense we wait, and wonder  
Will it pass this drear retreat.

‘ Oh, surely ’tis a sail ! ’ thought we,  
’Twas too much joy to bear ;  
Our signal-fire we hope they’ll see,  
If not, we shall despair.

Oh, joy, ’tis true ! they see our sign,  
And hasten to the rescue.  
The officers were all benign,  
Our case they would review.

How did we live on such an isle ?  
What did we find to eat ?  
How occupy our time the while ?  
To them we did repeat.

The landing first was 'gainst our will,  
Were stranded near the shore,  
Worked for a home, then it to fill,  
Our wrecked stores we brought o'er.

With clothing brought from off the wreck,  
And stores to fill our larder,  
Our fate we-felt to be so bleak,  
Without would have been harder.

For five long, weary, wasted years,  
Lived on that isle together ;  
For resource learned to have no fears,  
Feared more the changing weather.

Only sixteen, now twenty-one ;  
We had such weary waiting.  
Boy grown from twelve to seventeen ;  
Both wasted years regretting.

Soon we'll be home — the cherished word —  
And with our friends once more.  
Each fibre of the heart is stirred  
At thoughts of that dear shore.

Once more we see our friends and home,  
The tears well to our eyes,  
The heart speaks when the lips are dumb.  
In emotion's glad surprise."

### THE WATER-LILY.

IN a deep dale, with dew overspread,  
To the very foot, by the Rose led,  
Gathered every one of the flowers of summer,  
To converse freely in gentle murmur.

On holding a carnival of flowers,  
Were it best to meet in fairy bowers  
Of the sweet, cedar-scented woodland,  
Or in the rector's well-laid garden?

"The modest Violet and Narcissus,"  
Said the Rose, "do not address us;  
If my mind I should here express,  
The garden is best to show our dress."

The Poppies held the same opinion,  
And treated each of the rest as minion.  
The coxcomb, also, voted the same.  
What to wear they will not now proclaim.

For some intended to dress in splendor,  
Asking their neighbor to speak with candor ;  
Should the Rose or Lily be queen of the day,  
Inciting dark envy at once that way.

At eve, where the shadows fall in a mass  
Of slanting lances, o'er the striped grass  
Of the garden-border near the rector's lawn,  
Met to dance all night till dewy morn,

The Rose was dressed in a bodice of leaves,  
No envy now her pure bosom heaves.  
One sister wore red, one pink, one white ;  
All were radiant and flushed with delight.

The Daffodil, Crocus, and Heliotrope  
Expressed their pleasure, with a hope  
That all were happy ; their wraps unfold,  
Showing their dress to be purple and gold.

The Lily came next in suit of pure white,  
A misty veil falling down to the feet.  
The Rose said it looked a fit dress for a bride, —  
A remark prompted by envy and pride.

The Poppy, Hyacinth, and crimson Althea,  
To the little Moss Pink, "Good-evening, dear."  
The Pansies in white and gold and blue,  
The Violet said, "I waited for you."

The Moon-flower climbs to top of a tree,  
For he had been chosen referee,  
That, of the dancers, who danced best,  
And of all the fair ones who was fairest.

Then, after the dancing, began to sup,  
Drank the pure dew from a pearly cup,  
Wait the announcement of referee,  
Who was fairest the queen to be.

"The Lily," he said, "was queen of the evening,  
Which set the Rose and Poppy grieving ;  
For they, in pride, had dressed with much care,  
Were slight and graceful, tall and fair.

"What more is the Lily, we'd like to know?"  
To Rose and Poppy it was a great blow,  
And with the Snap-Dragon left very soon,  
Walking disgusted in the light of the moon.

The Snap-Dragon knows Lily walks by the lake,  
For that is the pathway she likes to take.  
A little jostle, and in she would fall,  
“Choose the Rose for our queen, and that would  
end all.”

No time to say even, “I resign to the Rose;”  
A misstep, and into the water she goes.  
With pitying leaves, will hidden lie  
From the warm sunshine, but will not die.

The lake is her friend. “I’ll give you a home  
Away from enemies, no more to roam.”  
She becomes ever after the Water-Lily,  
Her friends the Narcissus and Daffodilly.

Resigned to her fate, she murmurs not.  
Graced by her presence, this beautiful spot  
Is fairer and sweeter than ever before,  
And she is happy as in days of yore.

Such sweet spirits rise in simple garb  
Of purest trust, fear no enemies’ barb,  
Have golden patience, a wand of power,  
And heavenly citadel for the dower.

### HER DEAR FOE.

THE sun was sinking fast behind the hill,  
Sheening the quiet vales with golden light ;  
The autumn beauties all the senses fill  
With unalloyed pleasure and delight.

Talent and genius long since passed away,  
Who ranged the woods to hunt the startled deer,  
Saw slumbering beauties that in splendor lay  
Wake to magnificence by lakes and forests here.

For enterprise and art accomplished much,  
Structures of grandeur rose, with grottoes near,  
Groves, rocks, and hills, and vales of beauty such  
As blend to make one glorious picture here.

Beautiful gardens, fountains, statues, lawns,  
Fit to be trod by royalty of birth,  
Dragons and storks in bronze, and marble fawns,  
Peep through the shade — there is no dearth



Of splendor anywhere. These did combine  
To rouse the admiration of the ancients all.  
Interior of the *chateau*, marvel of the time  
Of those who dwelt therein, before its fall.

'Twas when poor France had read her overthrow,  
And stood in awe of Prussians quartered there,  
A message came to D'Aarburg *chateau*,  
To rendezvous two columns at this place so fair.

Two lonely ladies by the *salon* fire,  
In former days its grandeur it could vaunt,  
When all the members of the house were there, —  
The baron, baroness, son, the niece and aunt.

The baron borne away by angel hand,  
A memory only to this maid then young.  
The younger baron roving in a distant land,  
The baroness now of the heavenly throng.

And so this household lessened, till it counts  
Only these two, the aunt and thoughtful niece.  
Each room indoors to wealth or luxury points,  
The outer gloom the sunset lights release.

"Oh, aunt Tanesseive, how can we abide  
To have those Prussian generals always by!"  
"Leave it to me, my niece, I will decide  
How we can render service to our dear country."

"And how avoid at table to be meeting?  
These dreadful officers will here abide,  
And all our favorite dishes be depleting;  
They'll eat like savages — they have no pride!"

"Well, my dear niece, we surely must submit  
To see our choicest viands disappear."  
"I hope these soldiers will no waste commit;  
I grudge their food, and I the army fear."

"Ah, dear, it is the fortune of dire war!  
We must be patriotic, but polite  
To the invaders, though with martial law  
Hope to succeed at last in honor bright."

This patriot aunt was much to reading given,  
As daintily she sipped her chocolate.  
The morning past, she donned her garnet satin  
To walk or drive, and of her reading prate.

The niece she loved full well was lonely here,  
For with her aunt deep-buried in a book,  
And all the others gone she held so dear,  
Her life was drear and of no joy partook.

The morning sun shone very clear and bright.  
The clattering noise announced the presence there  
Of all the officers in gaudy plight,  
And with them many soldiers young and fair.

With patriotic doubts Claire strives, to look  
On those assembled 'neath the tall trees' shade:  
"Such curiosity I'd never brook  
In dear aunt Tanie or another maid."

The guardsmen, she reluctantly confessed,  
Seemed gentlemen, although burned brown by war.  
One Prussian mother her fair blessing blest,  
And here he stands, dispensing martial law.

Now of the ladies we must speak once more.  
They sat at dinner with their conquerors.  
Coldly they met, and now the repast o'er,  
Rising, leave formally the officers.

Said this intriguing aunt, "We both must try"  
— As Antoine placed the letters on the chest—  
"To intercept these notes when none are by,  
To serve our country in the way that's best."

That very day she saw a letter laid  
On the oak chest, in the wide entrance-hall.  
Took it as rightful spoil, and left repaid,  
For now she felt her influence was not all.

"Oh, dear aunt Tanie, were these letters written  
In horrid German we could not have read!"  
She felt a very little conscience-smitten,  
And a disquiet of the heart and head.

But 'twas in French, as good-fortune ruled it.  
She read it to her aunt unto the end.  
With a compunction—it was hard to brave it,  
Though just a simple letter to a friend.

And simply saying, "In a *chateau* charming  
We're nicely quartered, for a while, at least.  
What with the formal dinners, hope to be coming,  
For with no town despatches it is dull at best."

Then it went on to say, in ideas common,  
“ How horrible this hatred nurtured strong,  
To slay so many soldiers for a jealous notion,  
God grant, dear friend, that it lasts not long.

“ Perhaps you laugh at me, dear Carl, for saying  
A patriot’s mind is freighted with such weight;  
But it relieves the burden that was lying  
Upon my spirits and upon my heart.

“ But I must write once more of our sweet hostess.  
She has blue eyes, and dark and shining hair;  
Whene’er she speaks, her true thoughts she ex-  
presses, —  
A charming combination in one so fair.

“ Yours,

“ GENERAL DARHEIN,

“ *Division Eighteen.*”

Such a blank look the ladies gave each other,  
And wondered what developments the next would  
hold.

Said blue eyes, rather vexed, “ I’ll find a corner  
Where I shall see no eyes, or blue or bold.”

She turned away, and soon a nook espied,  
A little arbor-house, a fair resort ;  
She nestled in a corner. From this height  
She could view distant churches, lake, and cot.

But very soon along the terraced border,  
A booted foot was plainly heard to press,  
As Gen'ral Darhein musingly did wander,  
Slow, to and fro the walk, descried her dress.

And, peeping in, a picture sweet presented.  
In autumn's golden leaves was framed so fair  
The young and lovely maid, whom he repented  
Calling "the charming combination," — Claire.

Doffing his hat said, "We regret extremely  
To still annoy with soldiers' presence here,  
Their address is urbane, never unseemly,  
Time to depart, I trust, is drawing near."

She sweetly laid aside her frigid manner,  
And said, "I must confess I trust so, too ;  
You know we must be loyal to our banner,  
We will be friends, it only happened so."

“Then you will be a very little dismal  
For us, 'tis exile after all you know ;  
For some bright comrades 'tis unending exile,  
Those who will not return home when we go.”

And in response her heart beat a refrain  
Of sadness for the dead of both armies.  
The loss felt by defeat would still remain,  
The flower of life from out these broad countries.

And conscience-smitten, she her courage pressed  
To own the theft of letters she committed.  
“We burned the letters ; I confess it, lest  
My courage fail, — they were ne'er remitted.

“A meaner act I never could have done ;  
I know 'twas in the name of patriotism.  
Can you forgive me this one act so mean ?”  
“I, too, have been a thief: a bow of ribbon

“I stole from you, some two weeks now departed,  
Rests in my pocket, on the floor it laid.  
I'll never think but that you are true-hearted,  
So for the letters, surely, you have paid.

“ I pray you let me keep it, for to-morrow  
We may have marching orders ere the night ;  
And so of you a talisman I borrow,  
To guard in battle, and to keep hopes bright.

“ May I not come again whene’er this hatred  
Of nations and of class has passed away ;  
When bitterness between them is abated,  
And cherish love until that coming day ? ”

She raised her eyes to his, for she was weeping,  
“ That day for us, I fear, will never come ;  
We’ll cherish hope and faith that we are keeping,  
Until forebodings troubling now, are gone.”

’Twas as he said, the very following morning  
Came marching orders ; they had formed in line.  
He stretched his hand to her, as they were going,  
Returned to her the dreary life again.

And at the trysting-place each sunny morning,  
She seeks the vine-clad bower they loved so well ;  
To live again the scenes of that bright dawning,  
When the recital of their love befell.



The long gray shadows fade into the evening,  
The misty light glides over lake and shore ;  
Trustful and patient, she awaits the dawning,  
When her true lover will return once more.

And o'er the arbor-house the moss is forming,  
The pitying sun weaves golden nets of light.  
They call him dead ; she looks not for his coming.  
The sun has set, leaves only dreary night.

## A MORNING ON THE FELS OF SCOTLAND.

WE stand on a mountain in Scotland Fells,  
On a beautiful morning in June,  
Such splendor the vanishing mist reveals,  
That to nature all things seem attuned.

These mists of the early morning so fair,  
Rolling up from the loch below,  
In fleecy clouds rest on the pure air,  
Cast o'er all a dim halo.

The crags, peaks, clouds — all, lit in blaze  
By the power of the rising sun,  
Great fissures in the hills, hid by blue haze,  
Now unveiled, its glory begun.

The cliffs in some sites sharply defined,  
Some a luminous light will soften ;  
The sides of the bluff, abruptly inclined,  
Swept down to the loch, dipping often.

Their majestic heights reflect in the stream,  
Above, appears solid reality ;  
Blue, gold, pearly gray, blend as a dream,  
Leave all in melting mystery.

A light, fragrant air on the crested hill,  
Of Afric's sweet breezes remind,  
And seven collie dogs the welcome fill,  
As we leave this romance behind.

Before the hotel a carpet is spread  
Of short green grass and heather.  
The sweet Highland smile of morn o'erhead  
Is a model of beautiful weather.

The hotel door stands open wide  
To receive in the breakfast parlor ;  
Hunger tempts to invite ourselves inside,  
Met by curious trio bolder.

For while the host absented himself,  
The goat and cat and chicken  
Had each entered in to share the pelf.  
Shew-ew ! their movements quicken.

The chicken, abashed, had hid its head  
In the bread, or else to pick it.  
The cat disappeared, though the attack led.  
The goat didn't go for a minute.

She stood erect, hindfeet on the floor,  
Her forefeet rest on the table ;  
Retired in order, could do no more,  
Host came before she was able.

In the *mêlée* the tea-urn fell itself,  
The meat by the cat was bitten,  
The bread loaf left, in smaller half ;  
About it no more is written.

### A FREE RIDE.

ON a distant Western prairie,  
A busy farmer lived.  
His daughter was like a fairy,  
And three sons with him thrived.

His given name, Agricola.  
His surname was McLane.  
The daughter's name was Ella ;  
His sons, John, Thomas, and Dan.

His wife by the table sitting  
Was making some garment small  
For the fairy daughter flitting  
From the room to entrance-hall.

In the eldest son came rushing,  
His face was earnest and bright.  
“ Did you hear the stranger passing  
Tell the wonderful news to-night ?

“We are going to have a railroad  
Pass right near by our door.  
The next wild story told abroad  
Will be a dry-goods store.”

The railroad will pass very near.  
Who should this stranger prove  
But an Eastern civil-engineer,  
With transit, chain, and glove.

The railroad passing through this farm,  
The owner's bliss is made ;  
To cut the farm will do no harm,  
E'en one-third overlaid.

The road commissioners he met ;  
To them did demonstrate  
That he and his own must be let  
To pass free through the gate.

“A free ride must be given,” said he,  
“To me through my lifetime,  
And to my wife and family,  
Down through the lineal line.”

They readily agreed. They said  
'Twas of no moment at all.  
It couldn't trouble a wealthy road,  
For his was a family small.

His wife and all his family  
Went on their first free ride.  
It happened very happily  
A son brought home a bride.

The name McLane was a passport  
To a free ride on the train ;  
Till after many years had brought  
More descendants of that name.

They were so very numerous,  
They nearly filled ten cars.  
Those bantered who felt humorous,  
But some looked glum as bears.

They were the railroad officers  
And the people crowded out.  
They inquired of one Pulsifer  
Why McLane controlled the route.

'Twas given in early settlement  
To the lineage of McLane ;  
The road has chances to repent  
Having seen one by that name.

Their claims increase in numbers,  
Till the officers are fain  
To seat them in cars marked "lumpers,"  
And break the contract plain.

But these gentlemen are honorable,  
And place "a special train"  
When they of the name terrible  
To a summer trip attain.













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